

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Art, Science and Literature,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 88 (2248).—VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1860.

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The year is divided into Three Terms; namely, Lent, Easter, and Michaelmas. Lent Term begins April 21st, and ends April 29th. Easter Term begins April 21st, and ends July 31st. Michaelmas Term begins October 1st, and ends December 21st.

The Vacations are from the end of July to the 30th of September; from the 1st of December to the 21st of January; and from the day before Good Friday to the end of Easter week.

Fees to be paid each Term in advance, and notice of one Term to be given previously to removal. No reduction made for occasional absence. References exchanged.

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The following LECTURES will be delivered during the present (Lent) Term, 1860:—

February 14th.

The Rev. Prof. CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S.—Theories of Light and Colours, with Experiments.

February 21st.

W. T. LEEF, Esq., M.D.—The History of Nature—The Seasons—what they show, and what they teach.

February 28th.

The Rev. Prof. CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S.—Theories of Combustion, with Experiments.

March 13th.

FRED. ANGLER, Esq., Ch. Ch., Oxon.—Charles V. and his Time.

March 27th.

The Rev. H. C. HEILBRUNN, M.A.—The Tendencies of Modern Literature.

The Lectures will commence precisely at Eight P.M.

Sales by Auction.

Pail-Mail.—Capital Water-colour Drawings.

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The whole nicely framed and in good condition.

On view Monday and Tuesday prior.

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MESSRS. FOSTER are directed to SELL

BY AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall Mall, on FRIDAY next, 9th March, the property of a Gentleman, a small, beautiful collection of ENAMELS, by Bone, including Thomas Howard, Fourth Duke of Norfolk; Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford; Francis, Fourth Earl of Belford; the Earl of Arundel; Sir John Minne, the Earl of Southampton; also Maria Theresia, La Duchesse de Foulange, and others.

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Pail-Mail.—A beautiful Collection of Works of Art in Bronze, Marble, and Stucco de Paris—Highly interesting to Artists and Amateurs.

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On view Two Days preceding the auction.—54, Pall Mall.

Pail-Mail.—The Pictures and Works of Art of the late C. R. Leslie, R.A.

MESSRS. FOSTER beg to announce that they

have received instructions from the Executors to SELL by AUCTION, on WEDNESDAY, 23rd April, and three following days, at One o'clock precisely, the PICTURES, Sketches, Drawings, and Engravings of the late C. R. Leslie, R.A. The collection includes, in addition to Mr. Leslie's own works, pictures and sketches by Watteau, N. Maas, Ostervelt, Sir D. Wilkie, G. S. Newton, R.A., J. Constable, R.A., W. E. E. R.A., J. Jackson, R.A., W. Collins, R.A., and Sir E. Landseer. Also water-colour drawings by Girtin, Cozens, Stothard, West, &c.; and a large collection of Engravings of Hogarth, Gainsborough, Sir J. Reynolds, and many other artists.—54, Pall Mall.

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May be Viewed Two Days previous, and Catalogues had on Receipt of Four Stamps.

SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION OF INVENTIONS.—The Twelfth Annual Exhibition of recent Inventions will be opened at the House of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London, on Monday the 9th of April, 1860.

The days for receiving articles (which must be forwarded to the Society's House carriage paid) are Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of March; after which no articles will be received unless space has been previously allotted, for which application should be made to the Secretary without delay. No charge is made for space.

By Order.

P. LE NEVE FOSTER, Secretary.

Society House, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

February, 1860.

LECTURES TO WORKING MEN.—GOVERNMENT

SCHOOL OF MINES, JERMYN STREET.

THE THIRD COURSE OF SIX LECTURES

ON LIGHT, by Professor TYNDALL, F.R.S., will be commenced on MONDAY, March 13th, at Eight o'clock.

Tickets may be obtained by Working Men only, on Monday, March 5th, at 10 A.M., upon payment of a Registration Fee of Sixpence. Each Applicant is requested to bring his Name, Address, and Occupation written on a piece of paper, for which the Ticket will be exchanged.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

THE "LITERARY GAZETTE." New Series, commencing January 6, 1860. This Periodical, established in the year 1816, has become the property of a body of gentlemen who

purpose devoting a considerable capital to its enlargement and improvement. Arrangements have been made with some of the most eminent writers in the country to secure their services in the Literary, Artistic, Musical, and Scientific Departments.

It will be the desire of the Conductors to give early Notices of all important Books; these will be thoroughly impartial, and will be in length proportioned to the character and extent of the works themselves.

New Music, new Dramas, new Scientific Discoveries and Theories, will be passed in review with as little delay as possible; and every effort will be made to render this oldest of our Literary Periodicals worthy the attention and confidence of the Public.

Every week, a portion of the "Gazette" will be devoted to book buyers and book readers, and all the chief Literary productions of the week will be so far noticed as to guide those who may be seeking for information of this kind. It is not intended that these slight Notices shall preclude subsequent and longer Reviews. All important Ecclesiastical information will be laid from time to time before the reader.

Arrangements have been made with Correspondents in Paris, Madrid, and Vienna; and nothing of interest in the Literary and Artistic circles in those cities will remain without notice.

From the first week in January, 1860, the "Literary Gazette" has been permanently enlarged; and as the material intended to be bound up will be separately pagged, it is believed that the volumes will not reach an inconvenient bulk.

Subscribers of one pound, paid in advance, will be entitled to receive the "Gazette," post free, from the office, for one year from the time of subscription. Post Office Orders may be drawn in favour of J. W. Jones, and made payable at the Money Order Office in Fleet Street.

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"The stanzas [quoted] are extremely beautiful, and fall upon the ear like echoes of the highest lyrics."—*Express*.
"A work of very considerable promise."—*Scottish Press*.
"We have read through the volume, rejoicing in its pictures of island life. We thank the author for its utterance, and hope he will soon speak to us again."—*Caledonian Mercury*.
"We have seldom met a first offering so generally praiseworthy."—*Dunfermline Herald*.
"We can very honestly affirm that it possesses many merits of no mean order."—*Glasgow Citizen*.

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OCCASIONAL SERMONS. By the Rev. R. W. NORMAN, Fellow of St. Peter's College, Radley, Berks. Oxford: T. and G. SHIMPTON. London: WHITAKER and Co.

QUEEN'S COLLEGES, IRELAND.—The Professorship of Anatomy and Physiology in the Queen's College, Belfast, being now vacant, Candidates for that office are requested to forward their Testimonials to the Under Secretary, Dublin Castle, on or before 28th inst. in order that the same may be submitted to the Lord Lieutenant.
Dublin Castle, 1st March, 1860.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—The Seventh Annual Exhibition of the Photographic Society of London is now open Daily, at the Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, also in the Evening from 7 to 10, except on Saturdays.

INFANT NURSERY, BROMPTON, CHATHAM.

The object of the above Institution is to receive and maintain the Infant Children of Soldiers and Sailors during the day, and thus afford an opportunity to the Mothers to assist in supporting themselves.

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Lady Smith, Hyde Park Square.

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HON. SECRETARY.

Rev. Daniel Cooke.

This Institution was opened in January last; the Committee have therefore had abundant opportunity of testing its usefulness; and they are now thankful to be able to report to those friends who have already contributed to its support, that it has succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations.

Since its opening, above **EIGHT HUNDRED** of from two months to four years of age, have been received into the Nursery, which is open daily from halfpast six in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. A Matron and three assistants are in charge of the infants, whilst the mothers have been brought under the notice of the Committee, provided with suitable employment, and thus put in a way of contributing to their own support.

Assisted by His Royal Highness THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, in his opening remarks at the meeting held at Willie's Rooms, (on behalf of the Central Association), February 16th, 1859.

"The object in view, is not to encourage sloth and idleness, not to say to the families of Soldiers 'you have nothing to do, you need take no care of yourselves, you need not look to your conduct, or to the mode in which you are to gain a livelihood,' but the object will be to encourage the honest and hard-working, to obtain employment for such as are in a position to work for their living, and to send the children of the Association to School."

The improved condition and appearance of the children who have been received into the Nursery is most gratifying; with additional means, your Committee hope to extend its usefulness; they therefore commend it to the generous sympathy of all who are interested in the welfare of our brave Soldiers and Sailors, firmly believing that they will cheerfully contribute to the support of an Institution which seeks to benefit their Infant Children, a larger proportion of whom die in infancy than amongst any other class, chiefly it is to be feared from the want of proper care and nourishment.

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- IV. MACLISE'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO TENNYSON'S "PRINCES".
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- X. ART-UNIONS.
- XI. A STUDENT'S ADVENTURE AT CARRICK-ARREDE.
- XII. MY CLUB TABLE. II.

Dublin: WM. ROBERTSON. London: HURST and BLACKETT.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MONTHLY

REVIEW for March, (No. XLV.) Contains—

- THE LATE LORD MACAULAY.
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- III. MR. VALRY—ON THE BRITISH TRADE WITH INDIA.
- IV. MR. NEWMARCH—ON THE TRADE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM IN THE YEAR 1859.
- V. MISCELLANEA AND QUARTERLY RETURNS.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and Son, 44, West Strand, W.C.

THE ECLECTIC: a Monthly Review and

Miscellany, price 1s. 6d. Contents of March Number:—

- I. ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A.
- II. THE FIRST ARCTIC EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH-WEST.
- III. THOMAS BECKETT.
- IV. LAST YEAR'S CARNIVAL IN ROME.
- V. PAGES FROM MY DIARY. By FREDERICK BEUMER.
- VI. THE PROTESTANT MOVEMENT IN ITALY.
- VII. MACAULAY.

Brief Notices of Recent Publications.

London: JUDG & GLASS, New Bridge Street and Gray's Inn Road.

THE FLOWER-PAINTER'S DEATH, BY G. W. THORNBURY.

THE ART JOURNAL FOR MARCH (price 2s. 6d.) contains Engravings from Matsya's Picture of "The Misers," Tcheggeny's "The Cow-Doctor," both in the Royal Collection; and from Raffaele's celebrated Picture of "The Madonnas of San Sisto," in the Royal Gallery at Dresden.

The literary contributions to this Number are:—
Lombardy, and its Capital.
The Flower-Painter's Death, by G. Walter Thornbury.
Art-Decoration a Suitable Employment for Women.
Home, and her Works of Art. By J. Dafforne. Illustrated.
The British Institution. The Society of Female Artists.
The Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea. Illustrated.
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The Great Exhibition of 1862, &c. &c.

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Volume XVIII. may be had in boards, as well as the preceding volumes, price 12s. 6d. each.

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THE CHRISTMAS WEEK, A CHRISTMAS

STORY. By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S., &c. &c. Edinburgh: BLACK and Co.

"This is a charming little story, of which the ground work is the picture of a curate's Christmas, the troubles of a poor simple-hearted married curate, the Rev. Samuel Tugwell, who works for an absent rector, are defaced with manifold truth and with a sense of hearty sympathy. Poverty, nakedly represented, does not lessen the dignity of the good man, who, during one Christmas week, is plunged into despair by a dismissal, but of course made, at the end of it, as happy and prosperous as it befits the hero of a Christmas tale to be. It would be well for the labourers in the church if Professor Christmas had the making of their Christmas. This little volume has an earnest meaning of its own. It has been written with a full knowledge of the various phases of clerical life that it paints, and it will win for itself a very cordial reception from the public."—*Examiner*, Dec. 21st.

"Success has attended the attempt to blend moral teaching with amusing reading."—*Illustrated London News*.

"The Christmas book of Mr. Christmas, though the theme is old, has a pleasant mark of Christmas time in its charities of feeling, and in its crisp and brisk literary style."—*Athenaeum*.

"The abiding title of this overhanging eruption of 'Christmas' is significant of the him with which the book will be perused. Some writers have the untoward accomplishment of spoiling what they plier, and of obliterating the beauties of an original they appropriate, but cannot comprehend. Some years ago a German tale of a village pastor's sufferings was translated with much popularity, and we have it now cooked up by the Rev. Professor, with a careful dilution of every noble thought, elevated sentiment, or striking observation. Like a delicate fabric submitted to an awkward laundress, the brilliant colours of the original are washed out, and substituted by the soap and froth characteristic of the penny-liner. The candour of the plagiarist excites our amazement, the debility of the style, our pity, and the turpitude of the literary larceny is exaggerated by the unskillfulness of the application. This latter circumstance, however, though it deteriorates the model story, renders the work of the critic easy, since in the heterogeneous medley, whatever remains of noble and elevated sentiment belongs, of course, to the spirit of the original, while what is mean, flashy, and meretricious, is evidently the copyist's own. Every reviewer, [this print must not be confounded with the *Courier Journal*].

It will be a sufficient reply to this, to state that no such book exists, either in the German or in any translation, as that which the reviewer describes. The assertion is without any foundation, save in his own invention.

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"Had this volume reached us earlier, we should have spoken of its merits at the time when they were most intended to be made known; but even though that time is passed, we cannot refrain from giving it the meed of praise which it deserves—both for its object and the manner in which that object has been carried out."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

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The Committee of the Friend of the Clergy Corporation beg the careful attention of their Friends and Subscribers to the following Statements and Correspondence with reference to certain charges as to the management of the affairs of the Corporation, which have been, as they submit, most unjustly made against them.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON having, in December last, forwarded to the Committee of this Corporation a letter received by his Lordship from Mrs. Batchelor, of Wells, Somerset, containing statements calculated to lead to most erroneous impressions as to the management and progress of this Corporation; and the Committee knowing that similar statements were forwarded to the Right Hon. Lord Lytton in the year 1858; and having also good reason to believe that, for some years past, many of the Subscribers have been misled by the same lady in a manner tending greatly to injure the Charity; and also believing that the public reference in the *Times*, of the 21st of January last, to the losses sustained by the Corporation in the year 1854; and the remarks by a Correspondent ("S. G. O.") in that paper on the general management, were prompted by similar misrepresentations, the Committee consider it necessary to put the Subscribers and the Public in possession of the following facts.

Upon Lord Lytton's communicating to the Committee in 1858 the statement which had been made to him, a Special Sub-Committee of investigation was formed, who, after a most careful examination, prepared a Report and comparative Analysis of the expenditure of this Corporation, with that of some of the leading Charities in London, the result of which was stated in the following terms:—

"With a view, however, to ascertain whether the working expenses of this Corporation were greater than those of other Societies of a similar character, the Sub-Committee have obtained the published Reports in various years of several Societies, and on comparing the working expenses of those Societies with those of this Corporation, the Sub-Committee have found that so far from this Corporation being extravagant in its management, as is asserted in the opinion of the Sub-Committee greatly in favour of this Corporation; and they cannot but congratulate the Corporation on the result, which shows that, as compared with other Societies of a much longer standing, the Corporation is conducted actually at quite as cheap, and, in some instances—considering the relative ages of the Societies—at a cheaper rate than those with which it has been compared."

Upon such Report of the Sub-Committee, together with the books, accounts, documents, and other data on which that Report was founded, being submitted to Lord Lytton, he was pleased to express his entire satisfaction with the proceedings of the Corporation, and stated his intention, if again addressed on the subject by Mrs. Batchelor, to refer her to such Report as a sufficient answer to her statements.

The Committee have also the gratification to state that the Lord Bishop of London received a Deputation appointed to wait on him with reference to this matter; and after hearing their explanations and refutation of the statements contained in Mrs. Batchelor's letter to his Lordship, likewise was pleased to express his confidence in the management and progress of the Corporation, and to say that he would, in accordance with his previously expressed intention, proceed to the Corporation on Sunday the 19th of March, at Eaton Chapel, Eaton Square.

The following are the remarks which appeared in a letter from a correspondent ("S. G. O."), in the *Times* of the 21st of January last. After taking into consideration the whole of the sheet of the Trinitarian Bible Society for 1859, he proceeds to say:—

"The 'Friend of the Clergy Corporation' was founded in 1850; it gives pensions, not less than 30*l.* or more than 40*l.* to the widows and orphan unmarried daughters of Clergymen of the Established Church; it helps necessitous Clergy. The programme of its Patrons, Committee, Officers, &c., occupies nearly four pages; it is hardly possible to conceive a more imposing array, 'the type' worthy of the matter. With such a staff and such a range as the report affords, I should have expected (it is in its tenth year) this Corporation to be very sound in wind and limb. Alas! I look over an abstract from its Reports, and I soon find it has been subjected to the same disease which weakens so many a Corporation. In 1855 there is the 'mark of the beast'—the vaccination scar to which so many Societies expose themselves. I coincide, to keep off some other evil. Deficiency in the year 1854 was 458*l.* 11*s.* 7*d.*. In this same year the Festival cost—i.e. is charged—197*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; in 1856, Festival, 191*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*.

In the Report for this year, or rather 1859, the donations and subscriptions are 3383*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*. The expenses are 1081*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*.! And this is in the teeth of the fact that the income is on the decrease. It is all very well to plead the success of Festivals; I doubt whether they can be depended upon for certain. I have seen this year's pressure you can now and then raise, with a Duke in the chair, 300*l.* it is no reason why such an immoderate percentage of the receipts should go to management. In the year 1854 there was an extra item—quite a curiosity—literally a 'feast.' By postponement of meeting by reason of public fast, 185*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*. I may, perhaps, by the way, be here excused for noticing an item for Church Missionary Society for the year 1854. Incidental expenses—charges at Exeter Hall, on occasion of the fifty-ninth Anniversary and sundries, 374*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.*.! Between this cost for an Anniversary and that of the Friend of the Clergy for not having a Festival, I own I am in a fix for any possible or probable explanation. I should have conceived that the dinner not eaten might have cost less. I can't conceive how the 'Anniversary' cost 374*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.*, unless, professedly not an eating affair, a good deal was eaten.

"To return to the 'Friend of the Clergy.' It has four 'General Auditors,' three Special Auditors, whose duty it is to audit the accounts under the special object of the Corporation. Of the four, three are members of the 'Committee,' the other is a 'Trustee' of the 'Societies,' one is a Physician, being also on the Committee, the second is also on the Committee, the third is the 'Solicitor' to the Corporation, who certainly has worked hard for him, for in 1853 he was paid 14*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, the next year 187*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*, in 1856 a high figure, ditto, 1857, this year a modest 10*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.*.! It is true there is a 'Professional Auditor and Accountant' but, although his name is attached beneath those of two 'General Auditors' to the balance-sheet, I do not see any payment charged on his account before or since the year 1854-5; when there is least vigilance as to what was employed to 'right' the Corporation on the discovery of the deficiency by the late Secretary."

"I am happy to say that—right ladies do receive pensions. I am told on good authority that there are as many as one hundred and twenty-eight trying to obtain the 'aid,' of whom at least one has tried for the twentieth time. I will only add my belief that this excellent charity needs a far more vigilant attention to its management, less waste in expenses of its funds, and a more satisfactory audit of its accounts. It clearly might do more good at less cost."

Having made this attack upon the Friend of the Clergy Corporation, S. G. O. then concludes with strictures upon the Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In a leading article of the *Times* of the same date it was also observed:—

"There are those, we have no doubt, who can explain satisfactorily how the 'postponement' of an Anniversary meeting is an expense to the Friend of the Clergy Corporation of 185*l.*; and of celebration of an Anniversary meeting costs the Church Missionary Society 374*l.*; who are able to prove that the Church Missionary Society is a proper and suitable member of the special board of auditors; who can account for the expenses, &c. of the Trinitarian Bible Society, and who can see in the annual

10,000*l.*, which the British and Foreign Bible Society spends in the one article of salaries, only a proof of the economy and wisdom of that body. But, though explanations may be plausible and ingenious, it is certainly awkward to have so much to explain, and to have allowed unfavourable appearances to grow to such a height."

On the 23rd of January the Committee forwarded the following reply to the editor of the *Times*. It has not been allowed to appear in that paper. Other and leading portions of the press have, however, inserted it. It is as follows:—

"To the Editor of the *Times*.

"Sir,—In reply to the remarks made by your correspondent 'S. G. O.' on the 21st inst. on the financial management of the Friend of the Clergy Corporation, the Committee beg to offer the following observations. The Corporation was founded by Mr. Aldrich in October, 1850. Under the original constitution, he, as the founder, was made Secretary and one of the Trustees. From the implicit confidence placed by the then Committee in him, he was enabled to defraud the Corporation to a considerable amount. He absconded. Immediate steps were taken to apprehend him, but he escaped from the country. The Right Hon. Lord St. Leonards and Lord Lytton made a searching investigation into the affairs of the Corporation, and, acting under the valuable advice of the former nobleman, the Committee adopted the plan of management suggested by him, which has since been strictly followed.

"A Finance Committee meet monthly, who audit and check every item of receipt and expenditure made during the month. At the end of the year, the whole of the accounts are strictly examined by a paid Professional Auditor, who first goes through every item by himself, and subsequently scrutinizes them together with the unpaid Auditors, who may or may not be members of the Corporation. The Secretary gives security for 1000*l.*; the Collector for 100*l.*. Every cheque is signed by the Chairman of the Committee, one of the Honorary Secretaries, the Solicitor, and the paid Secretary. These are some of the means by which the Committee have endeavoured to secure the integrity of the Corporation.

"A reference to the balance sheets since 1854-5, will show that they have been prepared and signed by the paid Professional Auditor. His payment has, perhaps unwisely, been included under the item of office expenses. The Committee have, in fact, since the escape of the founder, the most efficient noblemen and gentlemen, and have expended and defalcation which have been advocated by several of your correspondents.

"With respect to the items alluded to by 'S. G. O.', the Committee beg to state that, owing to the manner in which the accounts were kept by Mr. Aldrich, they are not correct. The actual amount received from the Festival charged in 1855 at 197*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*. The Festival in 1856, which cost 294*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, produced a return of 716*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, leaving a balance in favour of the Corporation of 418*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*.

"The proportion of the expenses of management to the income received in 1859, in order to be fairly stated, requires that the sum of 188*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* received from the income of 1858-9, from the Festival, should be added to the amount of subscriptions and donations of 3383*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* mentioned by 'S. G. O.'; thus making an income derived from voluntary contributions of 4566*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.*, against an expenditure of 1917*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*. The working of the Corporation cost therefore about 25 per cent. of such income. This, which is found by most Charitable Societies, so far as their income is derived from voluntary contributions, to be the actual expenditure necessary to secure the support of the benevolent public, has caused the Committee considerable anxiety. So far, however, from the income of the Corporation being, as 'S. G. O.' says, on the decrease, the Committee have the gratification to state that since the year 1857 it has been steadily on the increase.

"There is a considerable doubt in the minds of many persons as to the advisability of public dinners for Charities. Whilst, however, they are found not only to add to the income, but also to secure the services of some of the most eminent noblemen and gentlemen in the country, the Committee feel that if they were to discontinue them an injury would be inflicted on the welfare of the Corporation. They have to regard not only the income derivable from a public dinner, but the acknowledged benefit received by the public thereby secured.

"The expenditure of 190*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, for the postponement of the Festival in 1854, referred to by 'S. G. O.', arose from the fact of the day for which it had been fixed being appointed as a day of public humiliation, after all the expenses of printing and advertising, &c., had been incurred. This rendered fresh advertisements, postages, printing, &c., necessary. In point of fact, the whole work had to be done over again.

"The Solicitor's bills of 1853 and 1854 were increased by the absolutely necessary expenses of obtaining a charter of Incorporation, the fees to the Home Office and Attorney-General alone amounting to 117*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*. The Solicitor's bills for the years 1855, 1856, and 1857 amount respectively to only 80*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and are composed chiefly of charges incurred in consequence of the bankruptcy of Sir John Dean Paul, one of the original Trustees; the appointment of new Trustees, and other unavoidable business.

"The Special Fund relates only to pecuniary assistance rendered to poor clergymen and their families. This is the only portion of the accounts which has ever been audited by the Solicitor. The Auditors of the Special Fund have nothing whatever to do with the general account and expenditure of the Corporation, and, consequently, the Solicitor, at one of such Auditors, can never audit any account whatever in which he has any personal interest.

"The Committee desire to thank 'S. G. O.' for the acknowledgment of his belief that the Friend of the Clergy Corporation is 'an excellent Charity.' They have only one desire—to do the most good they can, at the least possible cost, and they will be happy to receive any suggestions from 'S. G. O.' whereby the expenditure of the Corporation may be diminished without loss to its funds.

"They also take this opportunity of stating that the books of the Corporation are at all times open to the inspection of any member, and that the Secretary is directed to give every information with reference to the working and principles of management.

"In conclusion, the Committee may state their great regret that 'S. G. O.' did not take adequate means to obtain full and complete information—which he does not appear to have done—previously to his making the charges contained in his letter.

"Signed, by order of the Committee,

"J. C. COLQUHOUN, Chairman of the day,

"J. E. COX, M.A., } Hon.

"J. N. GOREN, M.A., } Secretaries.

"4, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

"Jan. 23, 1860."

The Committee beg to offer to all Subscribers every facility for investigating the management and accounts of the Society. They earnestly hope that no *ex-post-facto* statements will be permitted to injure a Corporation which now affords relief to ninety-two pensioners. These ladies are almost entirely dependent on it for their maintenance. The same management which has given it, if continued, will not only secure the income of these pensioners, but enable the Society to add extensively to their number.

A. J. RAM, M.A., Chairman of the Committee.

J. E. COX, M.A., F.S.A., } Hon.

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REVIEWS.

Memoirs, Letters, and Speeches of Anthony Ashley Cooper, First Earl of Shaftesbury, &c. Edited by William Dougal Christie, Esq. (Murray, 1850.)

THE historical student, in our day, is, we think, entitled to a fair share of pity. The old saying, "we live and learn," is especially true in his case. At first sight, this constant accumulation of his stores of knowledge seems enviable. A second glance, however, dispels the pleasing illusion; and we find that his case is hard indeed. For the accession consists not so much of facts, but of theories. And before he can master the last theory, he has to clear his mind of much perilous stuff, left there from the gleanings of his previous authority. Between the sages he gets bewildered. The historic doctors are for ever disagreeing—and how is he to decide? The truth of our remarks will be admitted by every reader. For every reader is more or less a victim to the restless desire of recent historians and biographers to review public opinion on their heroes. Facts are ferreted out indefatigably, and twisted into conformity with preconceived notions. In this way, we often find ourselves quite at sea in our estimate of public characters. Our old favourites, it seems, are unworthy our regard; and we, in our ignorance, have too often scorned the salt of the earth. Vindications and attacks crowd the press. Now it is Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Froude asking us to reverse our opinions on Frederick the Great and Henry the VIIIth—and now it is Mr. Christie putting in a plea for *his* hero; and begging us to consider the first Lord Shaftesbury an honest and a worthy man!

Though we did not expect such a laudation, we are not surprised that Shaftesbury should have found another biographer. Fifteen memoirs of him have not deterred Mr. Christie from entering the field. The present work was planned, he tells us, eighteen years ago. Since which time, though prevented by his duties as Envoy at Brazil, &c., from prosecuting his task, he has assiduously gathered every scrap of evidence, which, he thinks, makes for Shaftesbury; quite forgetting Lord Macaulay's express declaration that "the charges against him rest on evidence not to be invalidated by any arguments which human wit can devise, or by any information which may be found in old trunks and escritoirs."

Mr. Christie has ransacked many "old trunks and escritoirs" in his search after favourable evidence; but, as we think, with little success. Shaftesbury was such an open, unblushing sinner—such an avowed profligate, that it is surprising to find any one endeavouring to whitewash him. The labour is thrown away. Conceive a hero taken from the stage of Wycherley or Congreve, and placed in political situations; with the understanding that he is to pursue place and power in the same way that he was wont to win favour from the fair, and bring into his new sphere all the petty arts and the systematic falsehood which disgraced his former calling of a Blood—and you then have a slight notion of Shaftesbury. But even this ideal falls short of the living man. His name is synonymous with baseness. Lothario, with hand on his heart, professing eternal constancy, is not more the perfection of hypocrisy than he.

A rapid glance at the principal events of his

life will suffice to prove our words. He commenced his career as a violent royalist; and, as such, was made governor of Weymouth for the King. Owing to an undignified squabble with Prince Maurice, he was superseded; and immediately went over to the Parliament. Nor was he a passive opponent. He soon made the weight of his talent and influence felt in Dorsetshire. Eminently versatile, he tried his hand at warfare; and reduced a great part of that county into disloyalty. His great success was the taking of Wareham. But, despite the warmth of his professions, his party distrusted him. Throughout the season of Cromwell's prosperity, Shaftesbury was high in office. He declared for concessions to the Dissenters, and was a violent Protestant. Just before the Restoration he vowed that he would shield the Regicides from harm. All this time he was plotting with Monk to bring in Prince Charles. No sooner was the Restoration accomplished, than he sat in judgment on and condemned the Regicides to death. Nor did his baseness stop here: he was systematically base. In opposition he "violated every principle of justice to destroy the Catholics;" while in office, he "violated the great fundamental principle of the Constitution in order to exalt the Catholics;" in office he appears as the chief author of the Declaration of Indulgence; out of office, he did his utmost to exasperate the mob against those "to whom the Declaration of Indulgence was intended to give illegal relief." Even now the measure of Shaftesbury's iniquity is not full. As a leading member of the infamous Cabal, he executes the alliance with France against Holland—which he had previously done his best to frustrate. As a statesman he was utterly unprincipled. Try him as you will, and how you will—even by the low standard of his times—and he will be found wanting. The times were bad; and he was worthy of them.

Our sketch is, we are aware, hasty and incomplete. We might have increased the catalogue of Shaftesbury's infidelities; but we have said enough to serve our purpose. Our readers will be able to judge of his character. And, moreover, they will appreciate Mr. Christie's intrepidity in coming forward as his champion. Of the fifteen previous biographers whose works our author cites, nearly all comment severely on the profligate whom they describe. Mr. Christie, accordingly, is wroth with them. They mostly come in for a share of his anger. The principal of them, Martyn, whose "Life" is generally quoted as an authority, is very severely dealt with. The fact is, Martyn wrote under orders; and though doubtless anxious to please his patron, he could make but little of Shaftesbury. Independently of his unsavoury theme, he does not appear to have possessed many of the qualifications of a good biographer, a *rara avis* at all times. He was the friend of Dr. Birch, described by our author as a "well known literary and historical inquirer," but better known as the Tom Birch whom Dr. Johnson declared to be "a dead hand at a life." This biographical *deadness* seems to have been common to the friends. Martyn's Life, despite the resuscitating influence of a new edition by Mr. George Wingrove Cooke, is as waste paper to all save antiquaries; as faded from the public mind as its author's tragedy of *Timoleon*.

Mr. Christie is severe on Martyn. Of Mr. Cooke's editorial labours he pleasantly says that they "attracted attention to the subject, and made the want of a good biography more glaring." But it is on Lord Campbell that he bestows most blame and most trouble. For

he is not only sarcastic but laborious. No fewer than thirty pages are devoted to "examining" his lordship's statements. This examination is very dry and tedious; we have waded through it; we can therefore honestly advise our readers to skip it. Despite his advocate's diligence and ingenuity we cannot help feeling that Lord Campbell has proved his case against Shaftesbury. Indeed, when such authorities as Hallam and Macaulay pronounce against a man, as they do most emphatically against Shaftesbury, it would require a vast amount of special pleading to shake our confidence in their judgment.

Nor is it with recent critics alone that Mr. Christie has to contend. The vices of Shaftesbury infested his private as well as his public life, and formed a rich fund for the poets to draw on. Dryden has described his backslidings in some of his finest verses. Butler satirises him without mercy. In Dryden he figures as Ahithophel. The author of "Hudibras" hitches his audacious versatility into his sparkling couplets. Otway introduced him on the stage as Antonio in *Venice Preserved*. Mr. Christie is silent about Dryden and Butler; but he does his best to bring Otway into contempt. He also endeavours to invalidate the testimony of Roger North, who tells some damaging stories about Shaftesbury in his "Examen." But he does not allude to Evelyn's testimony against him; and touches lightly on Pepys's complaints for false imprisonment, on account of his being a servant of the Duke of York. We can hardly wonder at this. It is no easy matter to break down such a weight of evidence as these witnesses together produce. After all his arguing we are bound to say that we think Charles II. was right when he said, "Shaftesbury, you are the most profligate man in my dominions." At the same time we greatly commend the answer, "Of a subject, sir, I believe I am."

We now gladly turn from these tiresome controversies to the other portions of the book. They consist of a fragment of autobiography (1621–1639); an autobiographical sketch and diary (1621–1650); besides some letters and speeches, suppressed passages of Lordens' Memoirs, &c., all more or less interesting. The volume is, indeed, both curious and valuable. Mr. Christie had purposed writing a complete and final life of Shaftesbury; but his duties prevented his carrying his cherished project into execution. He has therefore contented himself, for the present at least, with publishing a portion of the materials he has been collecting for the last eighteen years, which treat of Shaftesbury's history to the Restoration. Of these the Diary is, perhaps, the most valuable; there being but little reliable information respecting Shaftesbury during the greater portion of the time in which it was kept. Most of the entries are short, as if noted in a hurry. Some of them, however, are suggestive, as, for instance, the one for the 30th January, 1649, the day of Charles the First's execution. On that day we read, "I went to Bagsholt." As the editor remarks, "strange that even this great event elicits no mention in this diary!"

Shaftesbury does his best at the outset of his biography to vindicate himself from what he is pleased to term the "villanous slanders" of his adversaries. After this exordium, which is vehement and angry, the entries are gossiping and frequently pleasant. We are bound to say that we find in them no traces of the libertine of whom such sad stories were told by his contemporaries. They mostly record his journeys, his ailments, and certain pecuniary transactions which he was never

long without. The longest entry in the Diary is the one in which he feelingly records the death of his first wife, and dwells on the remembrance of her "most noble and bountiful mind." This "sweet, affectionate, and observant wife" was a daughter of the Lord Keeper Coventry. The story of their difficult courtship is duly recorded at an earlier page. But the best bit in the whole series is the inimitable sketch of "Mr. Hastings, of Woodland;" which we cannot refrain from giving our readers, though it has been quoted in the *Connoisseur*:

"Mr. Hastings, by his quality, being the son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon, and his way of living, had the first place amongst us. He was, peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our nobility in ancient days in hunting and not warlike times; he was low, very strong and very active, of a reddish flaxen hair, his clothes always green cloth, and never all worth when new five pounds. His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer, and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen, many fish-ponds, and great store of wood and timber; a bowling-green in it, long, but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed; they used round sand bowls, and it had a banqueting house like a stand, a large one built in a tree. He kept all manner of sport hounds that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger, and hawks long and short-winged; he had all sorts of nets for fishing; he had a walk in the New Forest and the manor of Christ Church. This last supplied him with red deer, sea, and river fish; and indeed all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time in such sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters, there being not a woman in all his walks of the degree of a yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault if he were not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, who was to boot very welcome to his house whenever he came; there he found beef, pudding, and small beer in great plenty; a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes, the great hall strewn with marrow-bones, full of hawks' perches, bounds, spaniels, and terriers, the upper sides of the hall hung with the fox-skins of this and the last year's skinning, here and there a polecat intermixed, guns and keepers' and huntsmen's poles in abundance. The parlour was a large room as properly furnished; on a great hearth paved with brick lay some terriers and the choicest hounds and spaniels; seldom but two of the great chairs had litter of young cats in them which were not to be disturbed, he always having three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen inches long lying by his trencher that he might defend such meat as he had no wish to part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, crossbows, stonebows, and other such like accoutrements; the corners of the room full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles; an oyster-table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper through all seasons. The neighbouring town of Poole supplied him with them. The upper part of this room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a church Bible, on the other the Book of Martyrs; on the tables were hawks' hoods, bells, and such like, two or three old green hats with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself; tables, dice, cards, and boxes were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco pipes that had been used. On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the

wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink or permitted it. On the other side was a door into an old chapel not used for devotion; the pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, pasty of venison, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pie, with thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was very good to eat at, his sports supplying all but beef and mutton, except Friday, when he had the best sea-fish as well as other fish he could get, and was the day that his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sang it in with 'my part lies therein-a.' He drank a glass of wine or two at meals, very often syrrop of gilliflower in his sack, and had always a tun glass without feet stood by him holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with a great sprig of rosemary. He was well natured, but soon angry, calling his servants bastard and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to a hundred, never lost his eye-sight, but always writ and read without spectacles, and got to horse without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any."

This sketch, together with several more of the Dorsetshire worthies—as "Sir Gerard Nappeir, Mr. Rogers, Sir W. Woodall, &c.," who were wont to repair to "a bowling-green, at Hanley, once a week"—is admirably done, and shows Shaftesbury to have been possessed with a keen appreciation of character. This power of delineating character is noticeable in his sketches of his college life and experience. We recommend these passages to the attention of certain feeble writers on college life, who are now-a-days very busy and very popular. Take for a specimen this story:—

"Two things I had also a principal hand in when I was at the college. The one, I caused that ill custom of tuckling freshmen to be left off: the other, when the senior fellows designed to alter the beer of the college, which was stronger than other colleges, I hindered their design. This had put all the younger sort into a mutiny; they resorting to me. I advised all those who were intended by their friends to get their livelihood by their studies, to rest quiet and not appear, and that myself and all the others that were elder brothers or unconcerned in their angers should go in a body and strike our names out of the buttery book, which was accordingly done, and had the effect that the senior fellows, seeing their pupils going that yielded them most profit, presently struck sail and article with us never to alter the size of our beer, which remains so to this day."

"The first was a harder work, it having been a foolish custom, of great antiquity, that one of the seniors in the evening called the freshmen (which are such as came since that time twelvemonth) to the fire, and made them hold out their chin, and they, with the nail of their right thumb, left long for that purpose, grate off all the skin from the lip to the chin, and then cause them to drink a beer glass of water and salt. The time approaching when I should be thus used, I considered that it had happened in that year that more and lustier young gentlemen had come to the college than had done in several years before, so that the freshmen were a very strong body. Upon this I consulted my two cousin-germans, the —, my aunt's sons, both freshmen, both stout and very strong, and several others, and at last the whole party were cheerfully engaged to stand stoutly to defence of their chins. We all appeared at the fires in the hall, and my Lord of Pembroke's son calling me first, as we knew by custom it would begin with me, I according to agreement gave the signal, striking him a box on the ear, and immediately the freshmen fell on, and we easily cleared the buttery and the hall, but bachelors and young masters coming in to assist the seniors, we were compelled to retreat to a ground chamber in the

quadrangle. They pressing at the door, some of the stoutest and strongest of our freshmen, giant-like boys, opened the door, let in as many as they pleased, and shut the door by main strength against the rest; those let in they fell upon and had beaten very severely, but that my authority with them stopped them, some of them being considerable enough to make terms for us, which they did, for Dr. Prideaux being called out to suppress the mutiny, the old Doctor, always favourable to youth offending out of courage, wishing with the fears of those we had within, gave us articles of pardon for what had passed, and an abolition in that college of that foolish custom."

Our readers will now be able to judge of the book itself. It will well repay a perusal. Abounding as it does with interesting glimpses of English manners in Shaftesbury's time—together with more valuable matter. If, as we think, the author has failed in his endeavour to whitewash Shaftesbury, he has at all events thrown much new light on his life; and has enabled us to understand his character and position much more clearly than we did before. For this important service he deserves our thanks, which we gladly tender him; expressing a hope that sufficient leisure will be accorded him to enable him to complete his task; if not as originally intended, at least by continuing the publication of his materials from the Restoration to the death of Shaftesbury. Such a continuation could not fail to be valuable: but we apprehend that Mr. Christie would find it even more difficult to vindicate Shaftesbury's conduct in his latter years, than in the period already illustrated. We trust, however, that the difficulty will not deter him. We have been severe in our remarks on the some time Chancellor, but are not disposed to forget that we owe to him the inestimable privilege of *HABEAS CORPUS*. And we think that for that good service alone he is entitled to have the facts of his checkered life fairly set forth. Undoubtedly he has found an "honest chronicler" in Mr. Christie.

Miranda. (James Morgan.) *Ecce Homo*.
(Saunders & Otley.)

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena of the present day is the vast amount of partial madness prevalent among certain classes of minds. The high general development of the nervous organisation, and the consequent depreciation of the muscular system, the neglect of the animal, and the undue excitation of the intellectual and spiritual in man, have their necessary consequences in the reaction of the mind on the body, and in the enfeebling of those very faculties to which the harmony of the whole constitution has been sacrificed. Men and women with active brains and feeble lungs, with digestions destroyed, hearts "out of beat," flaccid muscles, and quivering nerves, are, not the best exponents of either natural laws or psychological truths; for they lack the great foundation of truth, harmonious and equal development of parts, and must, by the very constitution of things, see all life distorted and out of shape. The new school of spiritualists, now so fashionable, is a striking instance of this partial madness. Not too insane for the ordinary duties of every day life, nor yet disordered in all their intellectual perceptions, they are hopelessly mad on certain points; chiefly those of introspective or self-referring tendency. The belief in spiritual communications, in a divine mission directly granted to them for the welfare of humanity, are their two most ordinary forms of hallucination, or rather the most ordinary form; for both phases run into one, and make up but one delusion.

Each man or woman thinks himself a prophet or a messenger, a few believe themselves to be more. The very term "Medium," affected by the spirit-rappers, points to their own humanity as a divinely gifted and supernaturally directed agent, and expresses, not so much the familiar intercourse of spirits with men, as the assumption of extraordinary powers and special favours given to them, while withheld from the rest of mankind. This partiality of spiritual gifts has always been a favourite theory with men. It elevates the individual, strengthens the sect, and is the divine warranty for everything. Indeed, it is the basis of half the institutions, and more than half the religions, at present existing; for without the Divine appointment of certain leaders and teachers, where would be the Divine origin of the churches? If Joe Smith was not God's special messenger, why should the Mormons have classed themselves into a sect apart? If Mahomet was not God's appointed prophet, where would be the Mahometan's hope, where his root of faith? If Swedenborg had not been commissioned to teach mankind a new development of the Christian faith, where would be the warranty for the church of the New Jerusalem? And, if the Romish Church had not the grace and faculty of working miracles, what could she adduce as her diploma of infallibility, her sign and seal of special mission from God? The assumption, then, of Divine powers comes as the very initial of the great book of faith; and accordingly we find that assumption made by every one who has a new dogma to lay down, or a new phase of spiritual life to expound: sometimes, indeed, as in the instances under consideration, by those who have nothing new and nothing genuine to teach. Then it becomes either conscious imposture or unconscious insanity.

This last is the case with the unfortunate author of "Miranda"—one of the maddest books that it has ever been our fortune to meet with, and one of the saddest. No one can read it without the deepest regret. Powers of no ordinary kind, deep research, and patient thought, have not been able to preserve to the brain its fitting balance, and we have the melancholy spectacle presented to us of a good and learned man uttering as wild ravings as any heard within the walls of Saint Luke's. The writer of "Miranda" is a gentleman of extreme loveliness of character, of rare intellectual development, of great learning, and of blameless, nay more, of noble, life; but it has been long known to his friends and acquaintances that he is mad upon certain points; and his present work proves unhappily that his friends and acquaintances are right. The main point of his assertions—for we cannot call them arguments—rests on the Buddhist belief in successive avatars of the Messiah or "Emanuel;" in the coincident avatar of the female energy whom he calls Emma; and in the transmigration and metempsychosis of human souls. There have been forty-nine avatars of Emanuel; the three Adams, Jupiter or Zeus, Moses, Dante, Raffaele, Gutemberg, and Newton among them; while he, the writer, is the forty-ninth, and last. The twelve great gods of Greece were incarnate in the twelve apostles, as also in historical characters of the most contradictory types; but many of them were Emanuels as well, and all the early Bible patriarchs and heroes were avatars of the same Divine spirit. Among the Greeks, for instance, Neptune—Emanuel-Neptune, as our author calls him—was

"NEPTUNE. Ogyges, he of the great deluge.—Castor, who introduced horses into Greece.—Deucalion, he of the second deluge.—Jacob,

progenitor of the Hebrews.—Saturn, King of Latium.—Jason, commander of the Argonauts.—Aaron, the first Pontiff.—Romulus, teacher of Emanuel Romulus.—Isai, the prophet.—Aeneas, fourth king of Rome.—Cyrus, Emperor of Persia.—Themistocles, who defeated the Persian fleet at Salamis.—Socrates, the philosopher.—Demosthenes, the Greek orator.—Duilius, the Roman admiral.—Mathathias, father of the Machabees.—Cicero, the Latin orator.—SAINT PETER, the great apostle.—Origen, a father of the Church.—Saint Benedict.—Abubekir, the first Caliph.—Manco-capac, founder of Peru.—Hildebrand, the great Pope.—Saint Bernard.—Flavius, who improved the mariner's compass.—Columbus, who discovered America.—Shakspeare, the English poet.—Bossuet, the French orator.—Nelson, the English admiral."

Vulcan was incarnate (among others) in Abraham, Dædalus, Achilles, Scipio, Pompey, Saint Joseph, the husband of Mary, Clovis, William the Conqueror, the Cid, "Gengiskan" (for we have strange orthography in "Miranda"), Tamerlane, Michel Ange, Wren, and Wellington, "who defeated Mars-Napoleon;" Venera is Pandora, wife of Vulcan-Prometheus, Sara, wife of Vulcan-Abraham, Dejanira, Elena (Helen of Troy), Judita, who killed Olophernes, Saint Magdalena, "Joana, Pope John VIII., Juana, Queen of Naples, Stuarda, Mary Queen of Scots, Montagna, who imported inoculation from the East, Josefina, wife of Mars-Napoleon, Eugenia, wife of Mercury-Napoleon;" Mars is Enoch, Hector, David, Elias, Alexander, Annibal, Saint John the Baptist, Cromwell, Peter of Russia, and Napoleon I.; Cecrops, Corinna, Phidias, Cornelia, Saint Marta, Saint Barbara, Zenobia, Saladin, Camoens, Gustavus, Charles XII., and "Staëla, a French female writer," are some of the forms of Minerva: Aristotle, Saint Paul, Dutch William III., Robespierre, and Louis Napoleon, are successive Mercuries; Cleopatra, Eloisa, and Rousseau, were the same as Ceres, or Cerera; Abel, Saint John the Evangelist, King Alfred, Tell, Ariosto, and Dante, were all Deliuses or Apollos; and "Delia, in her triple capacity of saintly Phoebe, wicked Hecate, and middling Diana," was

"Thirza, Cain's wife.—Naama, Tubalcain's sister.—Nitocria, queen of Babylon.—Rebecca, wife of Isaac.—Janus, celebrated for his memory and foresight.—Medæa, who murdered her own brother and children.—Penelopa, wife of Minerva Ulysses.—Atalia, queen of Israel.—Egeria, who loved and counselled Delius Nemo.—Thales, the Milesian sage.—Telesilla, a poetess.—Olympia, Mars Alexander's mother.—SAINT LAZARUS, sister of Lazarus.—Lucian, a Greek author.—Fatima, daughter of Emanuel Mahomet.—Blanca, mother of Delius Louis.—Laura, loved by Emma Petrarch.—Borgia, daughter of Pope Alexander VI.—Henry the Fourth, King of France.—Voltaire.—Enristova, author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

We do not know how Mrs. Beecher Stowe, "Enristova," or Diana, will relish her company. Charles Dickens was once Rembrandt, Edward III., Catullus, and Nahum; Malchus was Brandt, the chemist, Malchus, a rat, and Midas; the murderer Barthélemy, hanged in 1855, was Charles IX., of the Saint Bartholomew massacre, Chilperic, Jestas, the left-hand thief crucified with Christ, and Jehu; and Gavazzi was Richelieu, Pope Jules II., Peter the Hermit, Gregory of Tours, Barnabus (*sic*), Ephestio, and Habakuk. These are only a few of the more remarkable of the metempsychoses pronounced as undeniable facts by the author of "Miranda;" but "the unintelligence of wicked men, and the wickedness of invisible influences" cuts him off from much material, and he is obliged to compress into a small space

what he would willingly have expanded into many chapters. For the rest, it is all written in the same wild manner. The planet Venus is the nursery of earth, and from Venus were sent down the germs of the first pair of human beings; for there have been three Adams and three Eves—black, Mongolian, and white; the Mongolian Eve having "small tiny feet like a Chinese lady, which she preserved from the contact of dust by white cotton stockings and elegant sandals;" while Adam was red, like the North American Indians, in fact "he was the prototype of the North American variety of mankind." It was this, or the second Adam, to whom was given the task of conquering all the elephants of Ceylon, by means of monkeys and bears. The story is begun at page 111, and is full of wildness. Among other things,

"By a judicious system you can also teach animals a conventional language of action, through which they can express to man their own thoughts; although you will find their notions and capabilities incomparably more limited than those of men. But do not impart such an education to the elephant. True it is that, even with the most perfect system of education, the intelligence of the elephant could never cope with that of man; yet, if any one should attempt to impart a regular system of language to an elephant, put irremissibly to death both the beast and its teacher."

The chapter, or part called "Numbers," is simply unintelligible, it is nothing but so much learned insanity. The following anecdote of the Barthélemy metempsychosis of Jehu and Jestas, is almost the only intelligible bit in it:

"He was afterwards Charles the ninth king of France [614], the author of the horrible and treacherous massacre of the Protestants which began on Saint Bartholomew's day, 24th of August, J. s. 1572, and lasted seven days. He lately was Barthélemy, a Frenchman, who on the 8th of Dec. 1854, accompanied by a veiled and unknown woman, murdered a man named Moore, and soon after another man, named Collard who wished to arrest him.

"Collard died in University College Hospital, situated a few doors at the left side of my dwelling, and Barthélemy was carried there, for the ostensible motive of being confronted with his victim, and for the occult reason that he had been Jestas [614]. In his last moments, before being hanged, on the 22nd of January, 1855, Barthélemy, being exhorted to repentance, answered with what he thought an irrefutable objection against Divine Providence. 'There is,' said he, 'a man who has committed wholesale murder in Paris; is he brought to punishment?' He alluded to the massacre of the 4th of Dec. 1851; but the occult influence which inspired his words alluded to his former self, and to the massacre of 1572, when, in Paris only, more than five thousand persons were killed. If Charles the IX., being still a king, had been put to death by a human tribunal, as a just punishment for his treachery and cruelty, the foolish people of old Paris would have wept him. But the populace of modern London, which assisted at Barthélemy's execution before Newgate, thinking him only a poor French refugee, were not ashamed to hoot him. The soul of Charles the ninth, as it left the strangled body of Barthélemy, changed its notions on the justice of God, on being made aware that, amongst the populace that was now shouting at his ignominious death, there were the migrations of many of the Protestants whom he had murdered in Paris."

Louis XVI. too, was beheaded by a "positive decree of God, on account of some offences committed by him (Louis) in an anterior existence;" and there are allusions made to secret societies, and to the mysterious influences of good and bad spirits, sadly suggestive of the usual course of madness. The manner in which this poor gentleman relates his own access of

insanity is sufficiently explanatory: (it is of himself that he is speaking—the forty-ninth incarnation of Emanuel):

"On a sudden the dogma of the migration of souls was revealed to him, and he was made aware, in a manner calculated to carry irresistible conviction to his mind, that he had himself been Adam, the progenitor of mankind. He was not elated by the least feeling of vanity at so important a discovery. His first and strongest impulse was at once one of reconciliation and love to God, and of rejoicing for humanity.

"On the 22nd of SEPTEMBER 1853 he prostrated himself to the ground, and worshipped the Almighty. Then, rising up, he put his right hand on the Bible, and said: '*I regard this book as mainly due to divine inspiration.*' Lastly, by a sudden and unforeseen impulse, he said in a rough and energetic manner: '*Christ, I recognise Thee as God.*' He had then not the remotest suspicion or notion of his own intimate connection with Christ.

"On the night, however, of the same day, 22nd of September 1853, an incident took place, which had an evident relation with that great mystery. Addressing the shadows of great men which were surrounding him, he said: '*are the Negroes my sons?*' wishing to know whether the Negroes were physically descended from Adam. No answer was given to him: it was only at a later time that he was to know that the Negroes were descended from the first Adam, but not from the third, or White Adam, who ate the forbidden fruit. Construing, however, that silence into a negative, he said: '*at all events they are your brethren, endowed with the same rights as you, and REDEEMED BY THE SAME BLOOD.*' His utterance was at first authoritative, but calm like that of a man speaking to his children; but when the words: '*REDEEMED WITH THE SAME BLOOD*' issued from his mouth, his tone became suddenly louder, and sounded like an almost superhuman voice. He was himself astonished, as he had never heard such a voice in his life.

"On the next day he wept bitterly at the recollection of what he fancied to have been his own sin of eating the forbidden fruit in Eden, but blamed those who charged our common mother Eva with the greater share of the original guilt, proudly saying that, whatever it was, he meant to lay it all to his own charge. His shoulders were broad enough to bear it, and the blood of Christ more than powerful enough to atone for it."

He speaks of himself clearly by his own name, in another place, when narrating the events of the last days of the Roman republic; here he also calls himself "Romulus in his new form," and assumes the title of the author of the Roman republic of 1849. Again, he gives his address and speaks of PANTA, as allusive to his own name: which thus he makes perfectly intelligible to every one even of his most distant acquaintances.

In spite of all its insanity, we do not deny that this book has a strange fascination in it—the fascination of some weird tale of sorcery or mesmerism. It is written with so much learning, such evident good faith, and is moreover so full of startling audacities and quaint assertions, that the attention is arrested, as by some wonderful legend breathlessly repeated; and none of those for whom the occult sciences or the various forms of magic and mystery have any charm, will willingly lay it down unfinished. Yet it is sad that it should have ever been suffered to be published; that the sickness of a noble intellect should have been paraded before the world to receive what at best can be but a pitying compassion, and what, for the most part, will be but contempt and scoff. So long as the author's hallucinations were confined to himself and his friends, the case was different; but now the world, to whom he has appealed, has a right to speak,

and we fear that this speaking will rarely be on the merciful side. Men will be too much shocked to be just; too much outraged to be pitiful, to what the many will angrily call rank blasphemy, and what only the wisest few will regard as morally irresponsible madness.

If all this is true of the author of "Miranda," what shall we say to the grievous revelation in "Ecce Homo," of the state of its afflicted writer? A lady of birth, of education, of exceeding amiability, of highly moral character, and of a certain age: which explains all—has taken the craze of spirit-communications. Long a Swedenborgian, which sect of itself creates a strong leaning for this special superstition, she has lately become, not so much a Medium as a messenger; not so much a spirit-seer as a spirit interpreter. In the "Angel's Message," published, we believe, the year before last, she there first broached her particular form of insanity. A friend of hers, long since dead, had made himself known to her as an angel charged with a message to mankind, of which she was to be the recipient and means of communication. By degrees the intercourse between the angel and the living woman took a warmer character; first, spirituality, then love, then marriage; marriage in its fullest and most comprehensive meaning, lately followed by the promise of the usual result, the child—the Son—to be born, as Christ was born, of a materially virgin mother. This son is one of a series of spirit-children, which the future higher development of woman's spiritual nature well enable her to bear unto the sons of God, or angels, the spirit husbands. The account of this spirit-child, of its birth into the spirit-world, of the poor lady's anxious expectation of its advent here, and subsequent disappointment, as certain physiological phenomena changed, is given fully in the Appendix; which, however, the publishers have not sent for review: thinking, perhaps, the contents too equivocal for general reading. And truly they would be so to any one who did not know the blamelessness of life, the moral purity, and the distinct insanity of the poor lady, who has been suffered to publish her painful and degrading delusion to the world. We say degrading, advisedly, for it is a delusion consequent on a certain state of health,—on a certain condition of body not unusual in women of her age, but which no one, with any love or reverence for women, would willingly have made a matter of course remark or coarser jest. As the author of "Miranda" has had his brain turned by political excitement and religious superstition together, so has the authoress of "Ecce Homo" lost her mental balance by intense religious feeling, coincident with a special physiological condition. Her book, as a literary production, is absolutely worthless. Rambling, incoherent, inconsequential, it has none of the vivid and audacious madness, none of the picturesque blasphemy, so to speak, which makes "Miranda" something wonderful while so mad. This is only the tepid dribble of the professed spiritualist, the wandering inanities of the gentle maniac with folded hands and vacant smile, waiting lovingly and with sad, sad faith for the full fruition of her dreams, and counting the scorn of men as dross before the living gold of her own hallucinations. It is one of the most touching cases of the spiritual mania on record; and all the more melancholy because the delusion is shared by the patient's own immediate family; and others, beside herself, are waiting round her hopefully and patiently, willing to abide the Lord's good time, but convinced that, in that time, her mission will be

made manifest, and that the child, now born into the spirit-world, will be also born into the material, of her virgin mother.

These delusions are terrible: they have spread like a blight over the brightest intellects of our time. Women of established literary renown, young girls of brilliant artistic powers and frail health, men of strong but subjective minds, have all yielded, one after the other; and, were we so minded, we could frame a list that, beginning with that glorious intelligence, Dr. Garth Wilkinson, and closing with the name of the weak and loving authoress of "Ecce Homo," should include some of the best and brightest of our land. Yet all are mad, hopelessly mad, on the point of spirit-communications, or of special gifts and special mission from God. One peculiarity among them all, is the unconsciousness of their work. They sit down to draw, to write, to poetise, what not, but their hands act without the guiding power of conscious will; and this, which they adduce as evidence of the miraculousness of their work, is simply evidence of its intellectual worthlessness. It is a state of sleep-waking, or rather of dream-waking; brain action, but not brain power; as in the wild vagaries of dreaming, when the brain is active enough, and to a certain degree consecutive, but not rational, nor guided, nor conscious. "Ecce Homo" was written in this unconscious manner; the drawings to Mrs. Newton Crop-land's book were also made in the same state; Dr. Wilkinson's poems, again, in the same way; and thus the condition which is essentially physiologically phenomenal, and to be studied scientifically, has assumed to itself divine powers, and puts forth its mindless ravings as the words of Eternal Truth and unerring wisdom. It never seems to bring conviction to any of the sect that the "spirits,"—say of Shakespeare, Newton, Homer, and Byron,—talk only the most consummate trash, write hideous verses, and do no good to man or gods by their visits to the upper world. One scientific truth promulgated, one secret discovered, would be somewhat conclusive; but "revelations," like "Ecce Homo," and "Miranda," can carry no more conviction to the sane than the words uttered by any other class of acknowledged maniacs. The only feeling they arouse is one of intense pity for the hapless patients, and of indignation at the folly of friends, and the cupidity of publishers, by which these pitiable delusions are thrown open to the public at large. The ancients thought madness a sacred manifestation of the gods; we know that madness is disease; but a disease to be lovingly tendered and reverently shielded, and never suffered to become the sport or scorn of others. Good, careful, sensible hygienic treatment would dispel half these spiritualistic delusions; and we should like to hear of the authors of these two sad productions—and some others we could name—subjected to a wholesome medical discipline, whence they might haply return sane, healthy, and cured of their tendency to waking dreams.

The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Vol. XX. Part ii. No. 44. (John Murray.)

LIKE our budget of revenue resources now in process of being dealt with by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, this somewhat expensive organ of the Royal Agricultural Society appears before us in a transition state. We notice it hopefully, as in all probability the last of a series too imperfectly edited to be assumed by any possibility to represent the progress and transactions of the most eminently agri-

cultural people upon the earth. As our readers are perchance aware, the Royal Agricultural Society is about to institute a new office of editorship for the proper future regulation of this important matter, and whichever of all the thirty-five well-known candidates that now stand upon the strength of their testimonials before the Council may have the honour of being selected, we need but little to assure and decide us in regard to the propriety of such a step. No science so dull, no study so barren, but it has its bright side, and even its romance, strong glimpses of which, the most bald-pated utilitarian would, if he were wise, blithely sanction to relieve the jargon of technicalities and the dry details of dull reality. Law has its *causes célèbres* which transfix and thrill the attention—logic, even in the schoolmen's day, had its "quips and cranks," and the immortal pages of Shakspeare and of Butler (Hudibras) are infinitely indebted to the lumbering play of the learned wit of old. Why then the most pleasant and practical of all the sciences should at times present itself to us in a likeness more repulsive than dogmatic theology—a comparison more especially true of its controversial part—we are at a loss to divine. But here it is again in the fore-front of the Society's magazine, still groaning under the inflictions of its hack writers in their mill-horse track. Here is the eternal Mr. Glaisier with his wet as well as dry tables of meteorological statistics, re-chronicling that very small beer on which we are doomed to luxuriate in the Registrar-General's Quarterly Reports, and out of such formulas as + and - point 5 endeavouring to instruct us of and concerning the weather and the public health, and the price of provisions of the last quarter—without even that rare merit of foretelling those of the next, aimed at by the prophets Zadkiel and Raphael or the seer of Old Moore's almanac. This seems stereotyped for the leading article of the journal, but as for affording any idea of prices in a weekly fluctuating market, we might as well attempt to reconcile the fact of twenty eggs being sold for a shilling in the laying season with that of scarcely ten being attainable for the same amount of metallic currency at another, with the varying range of the same articles at the opposite ends of London, and their corresponding stages of real or incipient decomposition, and call that statistics. Mr. Bailey Denton, who favours the world with the results of the "Hinworth Drainage," is little more enticing, either in matter or manner. His "tabulated results," as he naively designates them, are ingeniously complicated. We put it to the worthy contributor whether the toil-worn farmer, after his weary tour of inspection of a large domain, is in the least likely to feel himself attracted and invited by "tabulated" forms as he throws his limbs upon the sofa, and draws in his evening lamp to read. The great error of such contributors is that of Dogberry, endeavouring to waste ALL their tediousness upon us. Would that they could take a lesson from pictorial art. No man has ever been able to discover the *medium* in which Turner painted, not even Mr. Ruskin, who has hung enraptured over the graphic haze through which the magic forms seem half obliterated on the eye, yet beautifully though mysteriously distinct.

Mr. Bailey Denton is not a bad authority on drainage; and, really, we could take his doctrine and inferences for what they are precisely worth in almost any instance, without being favoured with all the detail of figures on which they may be founded. The whole object of his paper, the important one first

broached by the late Mr. Smith, of Deanston, in consequence of the perplexing injury caused by the withdrawal of standing water from beneath a certain depth in the Bedford Level, lies in a nutshell; and we could well have excused the columnar records of hundreds of test-holes, showing the depth of standing water, even although it may be interestingly enough contrasted with the atmosphere temperature above and below the surface, the enormous water discharge of 2700 gallons per acre per diem, and the valuable circumstance of the Hinworth drainage being well enough done (by Mr. Bailey Denton we presume) to leave the bailiff, Mr. Scott, a dry surface to walk over. Would the uninitiated believe it? This last fact is all that is essential amongst "the results" so elaborately paraded!

There follows a very different paper "on Cross Breeding," by Mr. W. C. Spooner, a paper that may be read, and with profit. Mr. Spooner's facts are striking and illustrative. He investigates the dogma "like begets like," for instance, with the eye of a practical observer rather than of a speculative philosopher; finding that tall fathers and short mothers generally present the world with tall children; whereas tall mothers and short fathers have generally short olive branches. The truth is, that where the man has the advantage, the paternal qualities predominate, where the woman, the maternal. Good, then, quoth the learned veterinary professor, "the height in the human subject, and the size and contour in animals, is influenced *much more by the male* than by the female parent. And, on the other hand, the constitution, the chest, and vital organs, and the fore-hand (Agriculturists don't mean *yours*, gentle reader,) generally more frequently follow the female." On this disclosure Mr. Spooner hinges the rules of crossing rather than on a "superstitious tenacity" to purity of blood. In that we do not go quite his length, as pure blood and in-and-in production have been to our knowledge the load-stars of our unrivalled excellence in the best breeds of our domestic animals. If it be for profit rather than excellence, that Mr. Spooner goes, then we give up the aristocracy of the brute creation at once, and declare for crossing, as the size-giving, flesh-growing, expanding principle of nature. We are astonished to hear from Mr. Spooner, who delights so much in discarding the blind maxims of inborn and unobserving ignorance, a repetition of the oft-repeated assertion, in the very teeth of his own principles, that "it is a well-established fact that in the human subject, too close affinity, such as the inter-marriage of cousins, tends to mental disorders and consumption. He had just told us that all this arose from a want of care in weeding out defective animals. And we say boldly, and without challenge, that the inter-marriage of cousins void of defect, of which the most illustrious example in all the land is now before us, will tend to the very reverse. Take care, then, farmers of England, how you listen even to suggestions that may fill your purse but destroy your prospects. The progeny of the mettled blood-horse runs the course no more after he has mated with the sturdy hack. Degenerate the high blood, and even crossing itself waxes impossible. But, for the butcher, only, by all means cross away—following Mr. Spooner's remarks, which are entertaining and judicious. His history of the Hampshire Downs and Cotswolds will be found brimful of interest, and abundant in research. But this laudation of the Dorset horned sheep as superior, for early lambs and feeding properties, both to the old Wiltshire and Hampshire, now well nigh extinct, and the

failure of the attempt at crossing, clearly substantiates the stern resolve of nature to set limits to the inter-mixture of animal blood and the confusion of physiological properties. Mr. Spooner's concluding advice is, therefore, admirable:

"Let us conclude," he says, "by repeating the advice that when equal advantages can be attained by keeping a pure breed of sheep, such pure breed should unquestionably be preferred; and that although crossing for the purposes of the butcher may be practised with impunity, and even with advantage, yet no one should do so for the purpose of establishing a new breed, unless he has clear and well-defined views of the object he seeks to accomplish, and has duly studied the principles on which it can be carried out."

Mr. C. Barnett, the senior steward, contributes a Report on the Exhibition and Trial of Implements at the Warwick Meeting; and Mr. Robert Smith, a Report on the Exhibition of Live Stock there. The appearance of these well-digested documents at this eleventh hour, suggests the hope that the Society will forthwith choose some competent editor, by whose agency such results can be embodied in a more timely fashion. Mr. Rusten writes at some length on what seems a very simple matter, the use of the water drill, that is, a drill for depositing along with the manure water from a cistern. He says that the result proved surprising, even in wet soils (with colesseed), for that the water liquefying the manure in this way has altogether a superior effect to the action of water already in the soil. He is charmed with, and commends, the water-drill system. Dr. Voelcker writes on the Chinese sugar-cane, the *Sorghum Saccharatum*, but is surely forgetful in denominating it a "new grass," and as such commending a trial of it next season. We recollect very well when it was first brought from North China, and expected to be acclimated, but that is not yesterday. The remarkable fact elicited by the society's chemist is, as pointed out by Mr. H. S. Thompson, M.P., in a note, that the specimens examined should have contained no sugar at the end of August, and up to that time should have been unpalatable to horses and cattle. Is not the common gooseberry on the bush even so to little boys and girls? Is this an astounding discovery: nay, develop the gooseberry and sugar farther, and another change succeeds—it becomes starch. Far more to the purpose are Dr. Voelcker's "Experiments with different Top-dressings upon Wheat;" although it is a pity, we think, that he is permitted to waste so much time and talent on an experimental plot, utterly out of heart for yielding average agricultural results. When Dr. Voelcker has ground to work upon which, by his own showing, will yield anything like a crop, it will be time to value his experiments by the test of their practical worth. At present, we confess that we can scarcely define their value. Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert again come forward with another report of experiments with different manures upon permanent meadow pasture, which they very properly inchoate with the inquiry into the composition of meadow hay; but really it renders us quite nervous to behold their pages too so frightfully tabular. If this be the recognised style of agricultural literature, we should for our part prefer the Journal of the Society of Actuaries, and the Tables of Long Annuities for light reading. "Agricultural Maxima," as the title of a paper in such a journal, must at once bring us to the other extreme—coxcombray. The object of the writer appears to be the laudation of some of his friends and patrons for their productive suc-

cess—a good theme enough for a Bucolic Ode or an Idyll of some modern Theocritus, but for a British farmer likely to pass for mere boasting! Far superior to the paper "On Root Pulp-ing," which follows next, is Mr. Bentall's Trade Pamphlet—the experience condensed in which is a hundred-fold that of the good but limited selection here presented. Mr. Bennett, in a communication on Kohl-Rabi, adds nothing to the knowledge of the many by whom for years it has been grown. Some really interesting statistics appear on the consumption of dead and live stock in the metropolitan markets. The best paper in the number is by Russell, of Kilwhiss, on the Influence of Climate on Cultivation; and there is a valuable note from those eminent authorities on agricultural products, Messrs. P. Lawson and Son, with a profusion of beautiful illustrations of the Kohl-Rabi. On the whole we recognise a relaxation of the screw, in the admission of a greater variety of papers, though for the most part comparatively worthless. Still there is no symptom of an attempt to work up a single item of the mass of prize matter, and dear-bought information for which the Society contributes so lavishly of its substance. When, as guardians of the literary weal, we indignantly tell our readers that this is a journal which has cost the public 2000*l.* per annum, we think that there will be a general concurrence with us in the belief that better thing might be expected from it; and so we say with reference to the new era about to be inaugurated: let it be conducted in any way different from the obsolete and *effete* style, which, for the present, characterises it, and we doubt not that the British farmer will take it up with pleasure, devour it with interest, lay it down with regret, and recur to it again at his earliest leisure. Let its present dulness be maintained, and the Society will have perpetrated a great mistake, omitted a glorious opportunity, and inflicted a serious disadvantage on the agriculture of England. But we sincerely hope that this is the last of the journals in the present mode.

Twelve Years in China. By a British Resident.
(Edinburgh: Constable & Co. London:
Hamilton, Adams, & Co.)

(FIRST NOTICE.)

WE cannot do better, we think, than introduce this book to our readers in the words of the author:

"In the absence of public information regarding late events in China, excepting from persons whose views would naturally, if not inevitably, be affected by the policy adopted by our Government, it seems to me a duty, in the present crisis, to narrate my experience during a residence of twelve years in that country, and the opinions I was led to form. In the light in which events appeared to me, they assumed a very different colour from that in which they have been painted by others."

The interest excited by the publication of Mr. Oliphant's magnificent book on Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan, has not yet died out; and we are very glad therefore of an opportunity of comparing the accounts given of the same matter by two gentlemen who, from the difference of their positions, could not help viewing things under totally different aspects, and saw and therefore depicted events with totally different colouring. Lord Elgin and his Secretary had of course to depend for their information respecting political matters in China upon the officials in their employ. The treaty which crowned his Lordship's negotiations seems to have led

hitherto almost to nothing; a result which fact is hardly to be wondered at, when we consider that, of the two gentlemen who acted as chief advisers and interpreters to the Commissioner, one had been and the other still was in the service of the Chinese government. But of this more anon.

In the first place let us examine the title of our author to be received as a competent witness of the matters of which he writes. The travelled world is now-a-days so wonderfully enlightened in comparison with the stay-at-home world, that there is scarcely a man who crosses the Channel but fancies that his benighted fellow-countrymen look to him for a full account of the grand discoveries he has made, and feels himself called upon to tell them of all his sayings and doings during the few weeks he has been absent among the barbarians of other lands. Hence the lot of rubbish that the winter months generally produce as the result of the summer-trips; hence too the curious and ill-founded notions that exist with respect to the manners and customs of different parts of the world. Take for instance Cologne: there is hardly any one who passes through Cologne on his trip down the Rhine, but thinks himself qualified to tell the world all about the famous old town; which after all was more than Coleridge attempted, though he had lived long enough in it to understand and thoroughly to appreciate the *nice distinction* between the "two and seventy stenchies" that he counted there,— "all well-defined and several stinks." We remember ourselves to have met in the Hôtel Belle Vue at Deutz, on the other side of the bridge of boats at Cologne, an English citizen and his wife, who had seen everything in the North of Germany. We asked him among other things whether he had seen the famous collection of pictures at Dresden. "My dear," said Mr. Alderman Popkins to his wife (if he was not Mr. Alderman Popkins, he ought to have been),—"My dear, have we been to Dresden?" Her highness replied, that they had been there, and that they had seen the pictures, and we have no doubt but that they published a full and true account of the inhabitants of Dresden as soon as they got home. When a man has resided so long in a country, and has seen so much of it as to enable him really to understand the inner life and feelings of the people, he is entitled to speak out, and he is worth listening to. Such a man is Mr. John Scarth, the writer of the book before us. For twelve years he has been in business at Canton; and sometimes for trading purposes, sometimes in pursuit of health, or merely for the sake of gratifying his curiosity, he has been in the habit of making journeys into the interior, and has evidently seen much more of the country and people than falls to the lot of most residents in China.

It is quite true that very many works have been written upon China and the Chinese; yet after all how little has really been told us of this extraordinary country and its still more extraordinary inhabitants. Most of the books upon China have been written, as our author says correctly enough, by men in official position,—by missionaries and others who have seen little of the natives in daily and general intercourse. The official stands upon his dignity, and goes through the tedious forms of stiff diplomatic visits now and then; most of his information is derived from people who are devoted to the Mandarins. The missionary has better opportunities; he mixes more with the people, and his informants are less connected with the ruling authorities; but, from his position, he sees the Chinese in a different

light to most other observers. But Mr. Scarth will appear to have seen both people and country as they really are. His object was to see the country as well as he could without interruption, and to penetrate as far as possible. In the spring therefore of 1848, when few had as yet extended their journeys to any great distance, he set off from Shanghai, in company with his Chinese teacher, a Singapore Chinese, in case of difficulty, and a barber, who also acted as cook. He

"adopted the Chinese dress, and after getting fairly under way, metamorphosed myself into a Chinaman, set the barber to work to make a clean sweep of my hair, and, attached to my cap, wore a thorough-bred tail of some son of Han, shaded the natural colour of my barbarian eyes by a huge pair of tea-stone spectacles, and marched forth without fear of recognition."

Now this was certainly the way in which to see the country and the people in their real condition, and to understand what he saw. We need not follow him through his wanderings, though they are sufficiently interesting and well-written to repay in full the trouble of reading. There are many pleasant descriptions and pretty touches scattered throughout the book, and many pieces of information too which we may well learn, and many statements by which we may correct our pre-conceived notions of China and the Chinese. For instance, it is decidedly the popular belief in England that it is customary in the Celestial Empire for the ladies to toddle about on very cramped-up "understandings"; but we find Mr. Scarth talking of

"the firm, free step displayed by the female peasantry of Foochow, as they walk off with a burden of more than 100 pounds weight, making nothing of it. A woman will carry two chests of tea at a time from the city to the river, each chest weighing about 100 pounds."

And again, in Canton, he tells us it is a rarity to see a woman with small feet compared to those who wear theirs of a natural size. "Chinese ladies by right," it seems, "ladies by courtesy, and courtesan ladies, have the real small feet and wear the diminutive shoes that are wondered at in England;" but all the Tartars at any rate require their shoes to be made as large as ours.

Our author remarks, too, upon the primitive plan adopted in the fields in China for drawing water from a well by means of a lever placed at the top of a high pole, and a bucket suspended from one end by a long straight piece of bamboo, the other end being weighted with a stone; and informs us that the same mode is employed in Syria, and that he himself has noticed it also in Egypt. But Herodotus gives us somewhere a description of precisely the same method used in his time; and we ourselves have seen it in many country places both in Germany and in England.

Then, too, there is an account of a lady, evidently of rank and wealth, going the round of all the chief temples in the neighbourhood of T'heen-Tung, "*chin-ching joss for a male child*." But here again such customs are not quite confined to China. There is a well-known mineral spring in the north of Germany, rejoicing in the name of the *Buben Quelle* (the Boys' Spring), to which ladies are wont to resort for the purpose of obtaining sons to perpetuate the names of noble families; and it is only five or six years ago that a lady of high rank attached to a German court, who was much desirous of having a son, was recommended by her Sovereign to go to the Quelle and drink the waters: a recommendation which she followed, though unfortunately

she did not quite succeed in gaining the fulfilment of her hopes; she had several children, but they were all girls.

The detailed accounts of the modes of sugar-making, and silk-throwing and reeling, the agricultural processes, and so forth, we must now pass over; though we heartily recommend the book as containing much that is curious and useful upon these as well as many other matters. For we wish to dwell more particularly to-day upon two points of greater interest and importance, upon which we have hitherto, notwithstanding the many works written upon China, been sadly in lack of sound information; we mean the character of the people and their religion.

Now with regard to the first point, the character of the Chinese people, and our way of judging of it, our author gives us a very simple and natural, and at the same time a very proper hint,—one which writers on the subject would do well perhaps to follow. He tells us that on his first arrival in China, thirteen years ago, the contrariety of the native modes of doing things struck him as most amusing, and he soon made out "a long list of the 'opposites' of the Chinese manner and character to ours;" but, he adds, "on giving deeper study to the subject, there is less reason to be proud of the general superiority of the European means than to feel abashed at our ideas of vaunted perfection." The fact is that much time and long experience are required to learn the native character, and much study before one can understand it. We are apt to overlook the fact that they and we start as it were from opposite sides; we are inclined to judge them by our own standards of civilisation and education, instead of doing them the bare justice of measuring them by their own standard. As Mr. Scarth well observes, we should consider what they are taught when young, before we attempt to criticise them.

"Let us look at the first Chinese school-book: the work is universally used throughout the empire. Every child is taught it by rote, even before it is understood: and the maxims it contains have been learned by the Chinese youth for bygone ages. This Chinese Primer, called the *San-Tze-King*, or Three-Character-Classic, is composed in rhyme, probably to assist the memory, and begins with the bold announcement:—

"Men at their birth are by nature pure!"

But qualifies the assertion,—

"In this all are alike, but they differ in practice."
"If left uneducated, nature deteriorates."

"In thus looking upon the train of Chinese thought, we find, at the very commencement, the whole structure resting on a perfectly different foundation to our ideas of human nature. We believe that we are born in sin, and that we are improved by education. The people have no knowledge of any direct laws proceeding from God (it is only in the camp of Tai-ping-wang that God's commandments are proclaimed). Now, let me ask those who have rashly judged of Chinese character, if they have ever taken this matter into consideration? What a vast difference there must be in the whole tenour of the thoughts of men so brought up, from those educated like the English! Many Chinamen, unless they actually break the laws of the empire, do not acknowledge that they are sinners. The Chinese compare man to an unwrought gem, and say—

"A gem unwrought is a useless thing;
So a man unlearned is a senseless being."

But to proceed a step farther. In order to arrive at any true insight into the Chinese character, we must look not only at their education while children, but likewise at the doctrines which they study as men.

"The Taoist and Buddhist faiths may be passed over for the present, as they seem to be

tottering under the bad guidance of debased priests. The followers of Confucius, however, include many zealous students of the works of this great sage; his maxims and doctrines are treasured, and their author almost deified; in fact, almost worshipped: doubtless they have had an immense influence on the Chinese character. Sound and good as they must have been, to form the guiding-star for millions during many ages, they are void of some essential ingredients to constitute what we would call really good men; for Confucius, the greatest oracle and standard of virtue, not only omits to teach forgiveness of injuries, but actually preaches revenge. Dr. Morrison says, that Confucius and Choo-Tsze were doubtful of the existence of gods, and these sages leave their followers under similar doubts; and Mencius writes, 'that none of the good principles are infused into us from without: they are inherent to ourselves.'

"Why wonder, then, at the arrogance of the Chinese? Why be astonished at the small progress of Protestant missionaries, when one of the first things they have to teach these self-proud unbelievers is the sinfulness of man?"

We leave it to the metaphysician to argue out the process by which this belief has its result upon the morality of the Chinese; it is enough for us to look to the facts of the case; and they are such as are certainly calculated to put Old England to shame.

"In all places in China you may see a string of coolies rushing through the streets carrying loads of money; there is not a policeman to be seen, except occasionally at the gates, or in time of trouble. You may see a shroff with a lot of dollars in a flat tray, examining them intently as they pass, click, click, over his thumb, sometimes a posse of idlers, consisting of chair-bearers, coolies, cooks, and servants, all looking on. There does not seem to be even the suspicion that any one might attempt to kick the tray over, and bolt with what he can get in the scramble. Why, even in that nest of iniquity, Hong-Kong, you may see at the door of that most comfortable of buildings, the Oriental Bank, a lot of Chinamen counting and examining, perhaps, thousands of dollars that are being paid to them, and some of the greatest scoundrels unchanged passing constantly: perhaps they think that the men in the street would most likely be honest enough to catch them, but it is rather doubtful if they dare. Money and valuables are exposed in a way that would never be dreamed of in England; and the similarity of dress, the narrowness and crowded state of the streets in China, all would aid in the escape of a robber."

And so again with regard to the precious metals current in the country.

"The Chinese have no silver or gold coin of their own. Silver in 'shoes' of various sizes, generally about fifty taels (16l. worth), and gold in bars or leaf, are used where foreign money is not current. The banker puts his stamp upon it, and the 'touch' is thereby sufficiently guaranteed. Any tampering with the quality is rare, but, of course, roguery is sometimes attempted. As a general rule, however, perfect trust may be placed on the value; a slight examination satisfies the shroffs. The reliance placed by the Chinese upon the stamp or chop of the bankers may be gathered from the fact, that in Canton, foreign dollars are so marked by the guaranteeing stamps of those who pay them away, that the original character of the coin is often obliterated. And in the north, where Carolus dollars *unstamped* are preferred, it used to be the custom to mark them with the banker's seal in ink."

In sales to the Chinese, it is rarely the case that any written document passes between the Chinaman and the foreigner. The transaction is entered in the foreigner's book, and considered closed. The goods may not be delivered or paid for till some time after; yet our

author does not remember a single instance of the price being disputed, even when the market had fallen. The description of the tea-packing shows us plainly enough the confidence placed by the Chinese masters in their servants, and in the Chinese traders by those who are in the habit of doing business with them. With regard to the silk-packing, let the following anecdote suffice:

"In Shanghai there are often a hundred dirty vagabonds packing perhaps 10,000l. or 20,000l. worth of silk, every pound weight being worth about a month's wages to the scurvy-looking coolies that are handling it; yet there is rarely false packing or theft. Some silk was once going overland to Southampton via Hong Kong; a bale on arrival proved to have been plundered, and the space filled up. A claim was made for loss in weight, but it appeared so curious that a theft had been managed when such an occurrence was so rare, that the claim was refused until the articles used to replace the silk were mentioned. The answer came that the space had been filled up with stones and jute! In Shanghai you can hardly find a stone to throw at a dog, and certainly no jute to make a rope to hang him with."

This scarcely seems to be reconcilable with what M. Huc (vol. i. p. 144, Hazlitt's translation) calls in round terms "the skilful and utterly unprincipled knavery of the Chinese character."

But with regard also to the religion of the Chinese, we are compelled, upon the authority of an author, to take exception to the account of the same reverend traveller, the Lazarist Missionary, M. Huc. In his work on *The Chinese Empire*, he thus unequivocally expresses himself:—"The Chinese are living absolutely without religion . . . No account whatever is taken of religious belief by the legislature; and the magistrates only speak of it to turn it into ridicule."

Now with respect to the latter part of this statement, it appears perhaps plain enough that there is no real religion of the State,—that is, under the existing dynasty. At present it would appear that the Emperor alone is considered exalted enough to serve heaven directly; he "serves heaven as a father"; while the nobles and ministers of state serve their sovereign as a father; and the people again are bound to cherish the same reverential and filial feeling towards their superiors. There is not of course much religion in this; as appears at the first sight, it is rather a method of policy to raise the governing powers in the eyes of the people. The rebel, Tai-ping-wang, however, as we know, has no small acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity, and he proclaims to the people the worship only of God Almighty.

"The Emperor alone addresses *Hwang-Teen*—the imperial heaven; the people can pray to *Shang-te*. Is the first expression to be considered more honourable than the second, or are the two denominations different? We find the Chinese say—'When Teen created mankind it made them princes and teachers, and said to them, Assist Shang-te in showing loving-kindness to every region;' but again, we find Confucius says, 'For him who has sinned against heaven (Teen), there is none to whom he can pray.'"

We have neither space nor occasion now to enter at all into the difference between the creeds of the Taoists and the Buddhists. It seems to be pretty well proved by our author that the Chinese have in respect to their religious tenets been somewhat misrepresented by the learned French Abbé. There does not appear to be much doubt that the majority of the Chinese of any intelligence do believe in a Supreme Being. The idols which they are

presumed to worship are not worshipped, at any rate by the better sort among them, in any other way than they are worshipped by many in civilised and Christian Europe. We have a Buddhist priest of high rank, when questioned closely about image-worship, replying that his prayers were not directed to the image, but to Buddha; that the image was used "only to fix the mind; as soon as the thought was once fixed, the image was no longer of use;—that all rested with the heart; if that was right, all was well;—that the images were intended only for the vulgar, who could not be induced to attend to religion without such aids." Then too we have the liberal Emperor, Kang-Hi, the most tolerant of all the rulers of China, confessing that the sacrifices he offered were to the Creator of the universe, not to anything visible or material. We cannot then agree with M. Huc, that the Chinese are quite so destitute of all religious feeling as he would have us to believe. When we read of proclamations issued in which the wrath of heaven is invoked to punish the disturbers of public tranquillity,—when we meet with instances of men professing to be deterred from bad actions by the fear of heaven, or find them reasoning on man's misfortunes being sent by heaven deservedly for his sins,—we find it difficult to acknowledge the justness of any part of the statement of the French priest. They are doubtless a vicious people; yet they have not done what the Greeks and Romans did, and what the Hindoos too have done,—they have not sanctified as it were their licentiousness, by attributing the same deeds to their deities. Chastity is almost deified among them. Drunkenness is unknown. Religious slaughter by way of sacrifice to propitiate offended gods has never yet been a part of their worship. Are not these, at any rate, so many points of superiority on their side over many nations that have, as it would appear, enlisted much more of the sympathy of European Christendom? People talk of the unwillingness of China to receive the Gospel: the question is, has it been presented to the inhabitants of China in the proper way? It is only now that the language of the Chinese is becoming properly studied and understood by an intelligent body of missionaries;—but there is a brilliant opportunity offering; the time is propitious; the people themselves are well prepared for some eventful change which shall relieve them from the troubles by which their country is enthralled; and England seems to have it now just in her own power, by the blessing of heaven, to lead the way and to open up China both to the commerce and to the religion of Christendom. Only let us beware of putting a stumbling-block in their way, as did some in their mistaken and jealous illiberality.

"By some strange infatuation, foreign missionaries have tended greatly to confuse the minds of the Chinese by the complication of the terms used for the Almighty in the native language. The Roman Catholics ignored the Supreme Ruler (*Shang-te* of the Chinese), and preached their doctrines, using the title Lord of Heaven (*Teen-choo*). Then came the Protestants, who—strange as it may appear—evidently wished the Chinese to believe that they did not worship the same God as the Roman Catholics, and therefore chose a different term, but could not agree which term to use; the one party contending for the word *Shang-te*, while this was repudiated by the others, who upheld *Teen-choo*. One party wished the word *Shin* to be used, as it was more significant of a spiritual existence; but again it was argued that this word *Shin* meant evil spirits as well as good. The Protestant missionaries in Shanghai, in their address to Lord Elgin, suggested that the

term 'Yay-Soo-Keaon,' or the religion of Jesus, should be employed to describe the Protestant religion, as distinguished from the 'Teen-Choo-Keaon' (religion of the Lord of Heaven), the designation of the Roman Catholics."

The tendency of the present rebellion, the nature of the religion preached in the rebels' camp, and the view taken of all by our author,—who never ventures out of his depth, or speaks of that with which he is unacquainted,—we must postpone to some future occasion.

Is 1867 the Year of the Crisis? By ? (Part-ridge & Co.)

IN a very brilliantly-written article reprinted from the *Christian Remembrancer* for January last, which we have briefly noticed in another column, the author makes a passing allusion to what he calls the "widely-spread delusion which opens the Apocalypse to trace the politics of the passing hour." We quote his words because they so exactly describe what we conceive to be the state of the case, and fit in, better than any words which we could choose, with the notion to which we wished to give expression. We object only to the use of the words "widely-spread;" we cannot imagine that the delusion has gained sufficient ground to entitle it to such an epithet. The readers of Dr. Cumming, and Mr. Elliot, and Mr. Birks may be, and probably are, numbered by thousands; but these thousands will have to be multiplied many times over and over again before the heaven will have done much towards leavening the whole lump. That the writer of the pamphlet under our notice is of our opinion, is evident enough from the words with which his work opens. He tells us that "for the benefit of those readers who are not acquainted with the details either of prophecy or of prophetic controversy," he will treat them to an introductory chapter, "in order to put them in possession of some of their principal features." And he then goes on to state that

"There are in the word of God, passages, and even chapters, containing prophecies of events which have never yet been fulfilled, and other passages containing prophecies which have been fulfilled. Upon those which relate to our Lord's birth and work, all are agreed; but upon those which relate to any period or periods of time posterior to his ascension, there are various opinions. These opinions may be divided into three great classes."

Of these classes the first is that of the Spiritualists. This class consists of such as do not believe in the literal restoration of the Jews, but interpret Zion and Jerusalem as meaning the Gentile Church all over the world, and look upon all the prophesied glories of Jerusalem and Zion as being mere figures of speech, representing certain states of the Christian Church. The reign of Christ upon earth they take to mean His spiritual reign in the hearts of the faithful; and the subjugation of the world to His sway is its conversion to the Gospel, and so forth.

The second class, which is by far the larger class, and is that of Dr. Cumming and Mr. Elliot, and the majority of the so-called Evangelical school, adopt a different system. Our author calls them Symbolists, though to a great extent they follow a literal interpretation of prophecy; they call themselves the Historic School. As far as the literal understanding of prophecy goes, they look for an actual restoration of the Jews to their own land, the future glory of Jerusalem, and the reign of the Lord in Mount Zion for a thousand years (the millennium), a new earth, and a new

and beautiful Jerusalem. But then beyond this the literal interpretation will not hold; the Books of Daniel, and of the Revelation of St. John, and one or two chapters of Ezekiel are subjected to another, a symbolic process. Here what is called the "year-day system" comes into use; days become years, and so years become centuries, and in like manner individuals must also expand and represent multitudes. The leading ideas of this class seem to range round the Pope. The Fourth Book of Daniel, symbolising the fourth kingdom, is Rome: the little eleventh horn is the Pope or the Papacy; so, too, he is the beast of Rev. xiii. "Antichrist," and "The Man of Sin"; and Rome again is the woman of Rev. xvii. the mother of harlots and abominations, whose name is Babylon. This interpretation has not been hastily put forward; on the contrary, it has been most minutely and carefully elaborated by Mr. Elliot, who ventures to call it off-hand "The Protestant Interpretation," apparently taking it for granted that it must be received. He has not been mistaken in his reckoning. It is adopted unquestioning by a large body of the self-styled Evangelical clergy, who, as our author truly says, seem more than half inclined to constitute the reception or rejection of the scheme with all its blunders, a test of orthodoxy; "even going so far as to affix the brand of Romanism upon those who take the early Church view of a literal Antichrist, a person, rather than the succession of heads of a system, an idea which was first propounded in the eleventh or twelfth century."

"According to this system, popularized and disentangled from much of its verbal obscurity by the lucid eloquence of Dr. Cumming, the Apocalypse is said to have a meaning of its own affixed to the several parts of it, from the 4th chapter to the end. Common sense and ordinary interpretation must be abandoned; by their hyper-symbolism, the history of Europe, from about the year 532, earlier or later, according to fancy, is to be found contained therein. Meteors are great conquerors, earthquakes are sometimes political, sometimes religious, sometimes hostile convulsions; seas are people; suns and moons are civil and ecclesiastical rulers; earthly thrones and dominions are symbolized by heaven and the throne of God; a resurrection is a renewal of the preaching of the gospel; angels are anything or nothing—sometimes conquerors, sometimes bible and missionary societies; stars are sometimes presiding ministers of churches; sometimes a false prophet; a ruling power, is at the same time an oppressed power; slaying one's enemies is being put to death by those enemies by thousands at a time; two are any number; a mother and her child are identical, and both being one, are yet in two places at the same time, ruling with a rod of iron, yet fleeing from persecution; and to crown the whole, the Antichrist, if he be the Pope, destroys Babylon, if that be Rome Papal, from which he derives all his power! These, then, are some of the outlines of the symbolic, or, as its advocates call it, the historic interpretation."

The third great class is that of those who look for a literal fulfilment of prophecy,—the Literal Class; but as the Symbolists assume to be literal too, they call this system the Futurist System; to this system our author belongs. It is called the Futurist System because, in opposition to the last mentioned, the Historic or Symbolic System, it receives the Apocalypse as a book of prophecies which have still to be accomplished. The Futurists, in fact, look upon the whole of the Revelation of St. John as an expansion of the prophecy of Christ contained in Matthew xxiv. They hold

"that earthquakes, seas, rivers, stars, sun,

moon, angels, heaven, throne of God, resurrection, are all of them to be taken to mean what they say; and, generally, that when a passage is intended to be taken as symbolic, the symbol is explained; as, for example, in the 17th chapter, where the seven heads of the beast are explained to mean seven mountains or hills; the waters, multitudes, peoples; the horns, ten kings. The advocates of this view further believe that an individual does not mean a system, that two mean two, not tens of thousands, and so on. Consequently they consider the beast of the 13th chapter to be a man or an individual, the Man of Sin, the Antichrist, and not a succession of Popes."

These then are the distinctive features of the three classes of the prophetic school. We must remember that they are all engaged in the study of the revealed will of Him who is "the Author of peace and lover of concord." What then is the result? "Mr. Elliot very charitably compares the Futurist to the Jewish Rabbi at the time of our Lord's coming." The Futurist, in the person of Query, returns the Christian compliment by declaring that Mr. Elliot's assumed fulfilments of prophecy "re-mind him of Zadkiel's and Old Moore's Almanack, rather than the fulfilment of God's Word."

Now of these three classes there is, after all, but one of any importance; and even that one is not important in itself, but only comparatively so with regard to the other two, inasmuch as in all probability it numbers in its ranks more than as many as the other two put together. The Symbolist system is received, as we said before, by a very large number of the so-called Evangelical clergy. The method by which it succeeded in gaining so great a hold was as follows. Fifty years ago, when Edward Irving and others began to direct the minds of Christians to the study of prophecy, there was a very great amount of ignorance upon the subject prevailing among really pious people. Clergy and laity seemed to have some kind of vague notion that the Pope was Anti-Christ, but that was pretty well all that they held or had been taught in the matter.

"But when prophecy forced itself upon men's attention, partly by its own intrinsic importance, partly because of the rash conduct and prophecies of some of its students, the majority of the Church of Christ, clergy as well as laity, were in a state of deplorable ignorance upon the subject. In the midst of this mental confusion, Elliot's ponderous work made its appearance, bearing the evident marks of learning, study, and deep research. It was received as a light from heaven. Men were too glad to have some definite direction given to their thoughts to scrutinise very deeply into the consistency of the interpretation: and the collection of apparent corroborative evidence in the chart, the fac-similes of coins, the engravings of frogs, horsetails, *cum multis aliis*, gave a stamp of validity and accuracy to the system, which enabled it to take deep root in the unreading mind."

And so, having thus obtained this 'hand-book' of prophecy, men began to read for themselves, and to use it as their book of reference in all cases of difficulty. Then it was taken up by Dr. Cumming, whose enthusiastic admirers are prone to accept everything that falls from his lips as something very much like Gospel itself.

Many of our readers are doubtless aware how very frequently the date of the consummation of all things has been precisely fixed by those gentlemen who have all prophecy and its interpretation at their fingers' ends. It is true that the result has more than once falsified their calculations; but they manage, somehow or other, to make explanations satisfactory to the minds of their followers, who

repose still as implicit belief in their *dicta* as ever they did. The year 1849 was one year fixed for the end of the world; and, if we recollect right, it was the 10th day of March in that year upon which that awful event was to take place; but, however, here we still are. At the beginning of the Crimean war, too, we remember a curious little pamphlet being published, called "The Coming Struggle," the author of which was so unfortunate as to stake his credit upon the success of the Russians, and told us exactly how that they would form a treaty with several other nations for the subjugation of Judea; that the East India Company's ships would convey the Jews back to their own land; and that the battle of Armageddon would be fought in the year 1860. This is certainly 1860, but we fear that things are not yet quite in the order in which the writer of that pamphlet expected that they would be.

Well, let bygones be bygones, and let us look rather on to the future. We have not, unfortunately, far to look. The author of the "Great Tribulation" stops us short in 1867, which is to be a "great dominant era, characterised by stupendous events, and involving mighty changes in the present constitution of things." It may be so; time will show. Dr. Cumming tells us that these calculations rest upon the inquiries of "the best, wisest, and most laborious of men," and it would appear, therefore, perhaps rather presumptuous to doubt either the accuracy of the arithmetic or the propriety of making these reckonings at all. We will not argue the point, for we have devoted too much space already to a subject of such a nature; but we must, before we have done, beg that those words of the Lord of Prophecy Himself to His disciples,—spoken, indeed, primarily with regard to the coming of Messiah's kingdom, but applicable doubtless to the fulfilment of other prophecies too,—may not be quite forgotten, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons (*χρόνους ἢ καιροὺς*) which the Father hath put in His own power." To the consideration of this text we leave our prophets of the year of grace 1860.

The Balzac Series. No. I. Cæsar Birotteau. (Saunders & Otley.)

BALZAC has been hitherto little more than the shadow of a name to the general English public. Dumas it knows, and Sue, and George Sand; but the greatest, indisputably the greatest, of the recent labourers in the field of French fiction was seldom mentioned and never read, nor was much curiosity apparently felt about the man and his writings. This was always matter of regret to those few who were acquainted with Balzac; because, quite independently of the better tendencies of some of his writings, they recognised in him the novelist *par excellence*, the man who took the broadest and most sensible views of the scope and nature of the novelist's functions, and exhibited them most successfully in his practice. It is this particular excellence to which we wish to call attention at present; and it is, further, one which happens to be sufficiently illustrated in this the first of a series of proposed translations of those novels of Balzac which are most likely to find favour with an English reader. We are very pleased that such an attempt should have been made, and trust that the success of the present volume will ensure the continuation of the series. The translation, as far as we have compared it with the original, appears to be well executed. Even if it were not, we who know how supremely difficult it is to translate Balzac into

any English which even approximates to the peculiar form and flavour of the original, from mere sympathy could not find it in our heart to speak severely of it. Translation is at the best a thankless task; irksome to perform, and frequently very scantily remunerated; it is, therefore, always a proof of an unquestioned earnestness and humility when a man of genius sits down to translate for his fellow-countrymen the words of some intellectual king of other lands into their own speech. But we cannot always depend upon Carlyles and Coleridges to perform this task, any more than we can anticipate a perennial supply of Wilhelm Meisters and Wallensteins.

Balzac is certainly neither a Goethe nor a Schiller, nor do we pretend to say that an acquaintance with his writings is indispensable to every one who aspires to realise and, as far as he may, influence the intellectual tendencies of the day. He is essentially French in most of his habits of thought, and concerns himself mainly with the analysis and delineation of phenomena which hardly any other than French society could supply. His sphere is co-extensive with his ordinary social experiences. He gives us these. He does not give us, like Jean Paul, his dreams, nor any selections from the papers of the devil. He attempts, in a word, only those things which have been often before attempted in prose and rhyme; and if his aim is not the highest, his success is all the surer. There are, surely, many advantages to be derived from confining ourselves to writing about those matters only of which we have some special knowledge, particularly if we happen also to have the pen of a ready writer. We are thereby saved from that most unpardonable crime of using language instead of thought; and we learn to adjust our thought to our language. When a man writes about hair oil and the law of bankruptcy, he cannot talk nonsense and not be aware of it. If he is writing of the True, the lofty, the ideal, the abyss of nonsense (all the more terrible because unseen), is ever under his feet, and they are many who fall into it.

Now in these his self-imposed limits Balzac's excellence is unquestioned. In his own province he has no rival: this province to use a hackneyed expression—is the Realistic. He does not deal with men who are exposed to influences different from those which surround their brother-mortals. He does not consider them as specimens of a variety of classes,—the lawyer class—the noble class—the priestly class,—forming his notion of the class first, and afterwards generalising all the individuals who fall under it. He does not affect particular moods, humours, transient phases of thought; but rather the general steady thinking of the human race. This may seem to be unmeaning praise; and it may occur to the minds of some, if a novelist is not this, he is nothing, and no one would read his books. But a very slight observation of the "best novels" is fatal to this supposition. The ordinary novelist finds it is as difficult to make a faithful transcript, which shall be interesting, of the ordinary pursuits and interests of week-day life, as the chemist to find a definition of heat or cold, which shall neither say too much nor too little. Our very familiarity with the things in question increases the difficulty. He accordingly escapes it altogether, and launches his hero into that traditional and shadowy world where it is the destiny of heroes and heroines to live and die. If they have occupations and amusements—we must omit the former and exaggerate the latter. Nothing can be made out of the office or the counter. We must not bore people with

details, and if it is ever necessary to introduce them, let us have a pleasant substratum of romantic and unusual incidents to support the unsightly structure. If our little heroine must live in a shop, let it not (good heavens!) be one in which soap and cheese are exposed for sale, but a gloomy mart of armour, and ancient camps and furniture—a place where a ghost would not be ashamed to show himself, and where a vulgar customer *would* feel most consciously ashamed of himself. If we must have a trial, surely the novelist is not bound to conform to the laws of the courts, and may give us a sketch of a close cross-examination, a dialogue which any English judge would very properly have brought to a speedy termination. And so on with any number of examples. Now in Balzac we are introduced to the real life of persons, whom we are continually seeing, but of whom we know nothing. We come into contact with them in particular places, at particular times, and under fixed conditions, and there the acquaintance ends. We may think we know them and can describe them, but when we have come to make the attempt, if we are honest, we must confess our failure and burn our manuscript. We find we know only one or two superficial traits which are hardly a wide enough basis for our ambitious delineations. And why is this? Because we have never searched, penetrated, sifted. A knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of footmen and greengrocers will not come by intuition any more than a knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies. Balzac was quite aware of this, and studied his fellow-beings with a zeal and penetration which sometimes brought him into difficulties. He carried the inductive method into the sphere of fiction, and made it yield there as elsewhere its rich harvest. If he was writing about a shop, keeper in the Rue St. Honore, he would give a day to the collation and comparison of the names above all the shop doors in that street. If he had to describe a meadow in Touraine, he sent for specimens of the dominant grasses in that part of France. So much for Balzac's special excellence, everywhere acknowledged,—his intense reality. A mere sketch of the present work will suggest the ample scope it affords him of exhibiting it. Cæsar Birotteau, is an honest perfumer of the Place Vendôme, who gets into difficulties from a foolish zeal for speculation, encouraged by certain municipal honours and royal favours, and has to file a schedule of bankruptcy. One of his speculations is a new hair oil, composed of the essential oil of filberts; and we have the whole history of this great idea, specimens of the prospectus issued, the shape and colour of the bottles, and the amount of discount allowed to provincial dealers. We gain in fact, by the pleasantest method in the world, a prodigious amount of special information on the spirit and details of French commercial life. The characters too of Cæsar, his wife Constance, and his daughter Cesarine are all admirably drawn. We have never to lament in Balzac that fatal practice, so common on this side the Channel, of building up characters from one or two slight external traits. All his representations, on the contrary, are the evolution of separate individualities, which possibly issue in many external peculiarities, but by no means spring from them. And this is in Balzac all the more meritorious because his powers of description and the felicity of his phrases must arrest the attention of every reader. We may notice the elaborate description (p. 65) of Cæsar's personal appearance, which is too long to be quoted *in extenso*, and too good to be mutilated. The last chapter of

the book which gives the details of Cæsar's bankruptcy, his re-habilitation after the most self-denying efforts, and his affecting death, are very noble and touching. Truly, as Balzac says, there is a pathos and a grandeur in the life of a hairdresser, if we had only the hearts and minds to see it. Let those, therefore, who wish to test the freshness and elasticity of their sympathies, read Cæsar Birotteau. We are sure they will not regret doing so; we hope they will on the whole agree with our hasty and rather unconnected estimate of the worth of Henri Balzac.

A Description of Natal. By Dr. Mann, F.R.S., Superintendent of Education at Natal. (F. Algar.)

DR. MANN is the author of the Government Prize Essay on the colony of Natal. Any information, therefore, coming from his pen with reference to this flourishing and interesting colony may be relied upon, as it is derived from the fountain head. The colony is now attracting some little attention on the part of those who have not succeeded in life in the mother country, and are—not unnaturally—seeking a new one for the exercise of their labour and skill, which an overstocked community may have failed to reward. It is of importance, therefore, to all those who are turning their attention to emigration to obtain, previously to their taking so serious a step, every reliable information with regard to the country which they propose making their own by adoption. Natal with its advantageous prospects is little known to emigrants, and Dr. Mann's description of it is both interesting and valuable.

The colony is on the south-eastern coast of Africa, 800 miles from the Cape of Good Hope. It faces the Indian Ocean. It is separated from the old Cape colony by a strip of independent coast land.

At a distance varying from 100 to 250 miles from the sea, the high land of south-eastern Africa makes a sudden dip. Its summit is about 6000 feet above the level of the sea. The lower land has the appearance of a magnificent mountain chain, called the range of the "Drakenberg" or "Kathlamba Mountains." The foot of this chain is between 3000 and 4000 feet above the level of the sea. Natal is included between this range and the sea.

The colony altogether contains an area of about twelve millions and a half of acres. An extent equal to Scotland. The country is well watered and drained by three large rivers (which, however, do not seem to be navigable), and several streams emptying themselves into the sea:—no less than twenty-three along 150 miles of coast.

From the Drakenberg chain the land descends by three abrupt steps, so that the colony is divided into four irregular terraces; an upland, a midland, a lower land, and a sea-coast tract on the margin of the ocean.

The colony enjoys a surprising range of climate. In the sea-coast district, which is a strip of about fifteen miles wide, of almost tropical luxuriance, the sugar cane, the coffee plant, arrow root, the banana, the pine apple, and the orange, are brought to maturity. In the midland and upper districts frost is seen on the ground in the early spring, and snow upon the hills at midwinter. In these corn, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, vegetables, and other productions of the English soil readily make themselves at home, and the land commonly produces two crops in the year, whilst cattle, horses, and sheep thrive upon the pastures. Cotton, too, seems to be indigenous, the government having 300 acres

under cultivation. In the early spring the pastures are emerald green, and variegated by the white and bright coloured blossoms of aloes, amaryllids, lilies, ikias, and other bulbous roots.

The winter begins in April and ends in September. The thermometer ranges from 40 to 45 at night, but during the day the temperature rises to 66 or 70 degrees. The summer begins in October and ends in March. In winter there is no rain. In summer the fall of rain in the midland is 20 inches, and on the coast 10 inches. In summer there are few nights when the temperature falls to 55, and few days when it does not rise to 70 degrees. The lowest temperature of summer is about 50, and the highest in the shade about 96 degrees. The mean summer temperature for the midland district is 96, and for the coast 74 degrees. The mean winter is 60, and the coast 65 degrees. It is remarkable that there is a much wider range of temperature in Natal during the winter than summer. In winter the night is upon the average 22 degrees colder than the day. In summer the night is on the average 13 degrees colder than the day. One great and important peculiarity of the climate is that the summer heats are pleasantly tempered by the rains, whilst the winter cold is softened by the incessant sunshine.

"Notwithstanding its almost tropical position, Natal has an eminently healthy climate. Newly-arrived settlers often remain for months under canvas, or in very slight and carelessly-constructed buildings, without experiencing the slightest ill-effect. The climate proves serviceable to consumptive persons, provided they come to it before the disease has too firmly established itself. In the early stages of the disease, the improvement is very much due to the genial temperature allowing the invalid to live constantly in the free open air, and to the habits of colonial life necessitating the riding continually on horseback. The grave forms of malarious and intermittent fever are entirely unknown. Asiatic cholera has never been seen in the colony. Small-pox has not yet visited it. Fevers connected with derangement of the organs of digestion occur occasionally during the season of transition from summer to winter, and after prolonged exposure and exertion in the sun; but they are for the most part tractable, and soon yield to judicious treatment. Diarrhoea and dysentery also are sometimes met with after the heat. About the same time a tiresome pustular affection of the skin is also liable to occur, in which the pustules are apt to degenerate into indolent ulcers, and become what are known as "Natal sores." Little else needs to be noted with respect to the climate and healthiness of this highly favoured colony."

The opportunities of making money in the colony are truly marvellous. Our author says:—

"To the capitalist who looks mainly to a profitable return for his outlay, it will be sufficient to say, that any one may make from twelve to sixteen per cent. for his money, by merely lending his capital upon good security; that, if he embarks in sugar planting on the coast, every 1*l.* invested may be expected to yield a yearly profit of 9*l.*; and that an outlay of 1,800*l.* in sheep farming in the uplands, will produce a return of 90*l.* in the first year, and a rapidly increasing sum afterwards, year by year. He will have to place, as a kind of set-off against the opportunities and advantages which he will enjoy, the risk of having to dispense with a few conveniences and luxuries that he has been used to in his English home; none, however, of such a character that they may not be easily remedied from the settler's own resources, if he deemed it worth his while to do so.

"To the small capitalist, the advantages held out by the colony of Natal are very great indeed.

Land is so cheap, that for the mere sum which would be paid in England for a single year's rental, a man may purchase hundreds of acres of his own, where he may sow and reap his own crops, improve his own fields, fell his own trees, and gather his own fruits. The Government upset price for land is 4s. per acre; but good farms are at the present time continually selling by private proprietors for 2s. per acre. Those who do not care to be the proprietors of their own land at first, may live at almost nominal rentals, and, in many instances, upon terms so advantageous, that they would seem absolutely incredible to tenant farmers at home. The following advertisement, which appeared in the columns of the Government 'Gazette' of August 17th, 1858, will aptly illustrate this statement:—

"To Let.—A portion of the farm 'New Lanark,' all but adjoining the Town Lands. Admirably adapted for a dairy, the grass being very excellent for cows, sheep, goats, and horses. Its proximity to the town will enable the tenant to send in milk daily, to say nothing about butter and eggs. *First year, RENT FREE!* A few cows, and such other facilities as a good-natured old colonist might be expected to render a honest new colonist, until he finds his feet.

"Apply to D. D. Buchanan, junior, who will show the land."

"Instances of this character are far from being of solitary occurrence. Again and again old colonists have actually given new comers farms rent free, and have left in their charge large herds of cattle and pigs, with the simple understanding that the increase should be divided equally between the tenant and the proprietor. Arrangements of this character are now not often made, simply because the immigrant finds equally great facilities to work entirely for himself."

Away from the town no direct tax is paid by the landowner. The farmer, after his purchase dues are paid, does not contribute anything more to the state, than a small sum to the Customs on articles of consumption imported.

In the wild country the cost of living is very small indeed. Kafirs are hired as household servants and labourers at from 6s. to 10s. a month, exclusive of board, which chiefly consists of Indian corn, but they will find themselves for 5s. or 6s. a month extra. Yet the settler must mainly depend upon his own hands at first. The Kafir will do what he is taught if well looked after. He is unskilled and lazy. When left to himself he sits upon his haunches, and gossips away half his time. He will not enter on any long term of service. He will work for a few weeks or months, and then will go off to his kraal to invest his gains in cattle and wives and enjoy himself.

"On this account there is very little inducement for the white settler to devote any particular amount of pains to the training of his men. By the time one labourer has become of fair value, from having learned his business, he disappears, and a raw recruit has to be taken up in his place. Some proprietors who have Kafir kraals upon their property, experience less difficulty than other persons in procuring a good supply of labour; they come to an understanding with the head man of the kraal, that he and his people shall be allowed to continue in their residence, and enjoy certain other advantages, upon condition of furnishing a certain quantity of work at a certain price. To persons who do not enjoy this proprietary influence, a plentiful harvest, or the arrival of cold weather, is at any time sufficient to produce a dearth of servants. It must also be added, that some persons experience very much greater difficulty than others in procuring Kafir service. If any one gets a bad name as an employer, his reputation runs from one end to the other of the colony like wildfire, and he has

very small chance indeed of tempting any applicant for work to cross his threshold."

The person who is most needed in the colony is the man who has money to spend, and who has energy and intelligence to apply it so as to advance his own interests and those of his fellow-colonists at the same time. Our author makes some valuable remarks on the personal qualifications of those who are required as settlers at Natal. Members of the learned professions are of no use there. The settlers do not require law or physic. Young and rude colonies care more about hands than heads. The surveyor is the solitary exception at Natal. Clerks, shopmen, and persons of that class, are at a discount.

"Handicraft labour is in unlimited demand in Natal, workmen who experience the greatest difficulty in England in getting employment at wages barely sufficient for the requisites of life, may reckon with certainty upon an immediate engagement in the colony at 7s. 6d. If the workman has children he may also make himself equally sure of remunerative employment for any or all of them who are above ten years of age; blacksmiths receive 10s. per day, carpenters, bricklayers, masons, shoemakers and tailors, earn 7s. 6d. per day, and are sure of immediate and constant employment, handicraftsmen indeed, are in such request that they constitute a kind of petted and privileged class, and if they be of steady and reliable habits, they may use their privileges to their own speedy aggrandisement. The supply of mechanics is so much under the need of the colony, that no complaint is more commonly heard than that of the impossibility of getting important work done, one reason for this deficiency is the temptation which is offered to the mechanic to abandon his primary occupation for the more pleasant life of the country farmer; by steady work he soon saves enough money to purchase and stock land of his own, and then sets up as an agriculturist.

"Agricultural labourers are of about equal value, it is impossible to keep anything like a fair supply of them, because the man who comes out from England to-day as a labourer, is a farmer and landed proprietor to-morrow. No man continues to follow the plough for a master, who can follow it more remuneratively for himself; about four years ago an agricultural labourer came out from one of the eastern counties of England in the service of a gentleman of high station; after a couple of years he left the service of his employer, the master for whom he had worked in England, hearing of this change, sent word to him that he would be glad to have him back and would give him constant employment if he would return; the reply was, 'Tell my master if he will come out here to me I will make him a free gift of 500 acres of land all for himself,' the labourer is now his own master and living near the Umkomanzi upon 3000 acres of land of his own, which he received as a government grant, he has built himself a house and cuts down from his almost limitless woods his own timber, which he disposes of at the price of 6l. per waggon load. Ploughman and shepherds receive in the colony 5l. and 6l. per month, as wages.

"Household servants of every class are in constant demand, the wages of female domestics vary from 15l. to 20l. a year. White servants are indeed scarcely to be had, because they invariably find more pleasant modes of life open to them immediately on their arrival in the new land."

From the following extracts some idea of the profits to be realised from farming may be formed:

"In the year 1855, a farmer, residing sixteen miles to the north of Maritzburg, purchased forty-five ewes and a ram at a cost of 14s. each, in the year 1858 the total outlay for this flock amounted to 50l. The money produced in wool and from

the sale of ewes, rams, and wethers, was at that time 94l., and there remained in hand also a flock of 160 ewes, worth 160l. The outlay of 50l. in sheep farming was therefore attended by a return in three years of 203l.; six sheep had also been slaughtered for home use. The total loss, including lambs, averaged 8 per cent. per annum; the sheep were well taken care of, well shedded, and in wet weather abundantly supplied with grass or straw. The first clipping of the newly carried sheep yielded 2 lbs. of wool per head, subsequent clippings yielded 2½ lbs. and 4½ lbs. per head; such is the result which may be expected from sheep farming in Natal."

"The sheep farmer possesses four distinct advantages over all other occupiers in Natal, first, the investment of capital may be anything he pleases, he may begin as well with 50 sheep as with 1,000; second, the current expenses are comparatively insignificant, they amount to little more than the wages of the native herdsmen; third, the returns are both quick and considerable; fourth, there is always an unlimited market for the sale of wool, and a ready one for the sale of sheep. There are now 86,902 sheep in the colony, and the price paid for wool in Maritzburg is 1s. 1d. per lb. Five years ago mutton was never seen on the table, it is now furnished regularly by the butchers at 6d. per lb.

"A man possessing 600l. may embark in sheep farming in Natal with fair prospects of success, 200l. will purchase 1,000 acres of land, 200l. more will buy 200 sheep, a cart and pair of oxen will cost 60l., ten cows, 30l., 105l. may be spent in building, food, and wages. Men of limited means will, however, generally do better to hire a larger farm, and employ more of their capital in stocking; a farm may always be subsequently purchased as the money to do so is accumulated; a capital of 1,800l. amply supplies to begin sheep farming, with 3,000 acres of land purchased as freehold."

"On nearly all the pastoral farms of the uplands, wheat is grown for the consumption of the family, on some a certain quantity is now also produced for the market. The chief drawback to its remunerative growth, is the distance it has to be sent in waggons for sale. About 1,000 acres of land are under wheat in the colony, and the average produce is six muids (of three bushels each) to the acre; one farmer in the Umooti county recently reaped 120 muids from thirty acres of land, which had been sown with five muids of seed, another proprietor reaped ninety-five muids from fifteen acres, sown with three muids of seed; the average price is 1l. 7s. per muid, but the price ranges between 1l. 4s. and 1l. 17s."

"A settler on the Illovo recently planted Indian corn on well-manured land for a first crop, and harvested twenty muids from the acre; the land was then sown with golden-ball wheat, of which eleven muids per acre were gathered in. At the average price of these articles in Maritzburg, namely, 12s. per muid for Indian corn, and 1l. 7s. per muid for wheat, the year's return from the one acre of land amounted to 26l."

"Oats are extensively grown for forage, the crop being cut down for use before it is quite ripe; two crops of forage are reared in the year. Each acre of ground yields about three tons in each crop; and the produce, at the present price of 4s. per 100 lbs., amounts to about 24l. per acre. A farmer with six Kafirs, receiving 14s. each per month for food and wages, can manage to keep twenty acres of land under cultivation in forage."

With regard to the produce of sugar,

"It is estimated that the coast-lands of Natal will ultimately yield something approaching to 100,000 tons per year. A planter on the Lower Makomanzi, has recently been actually producing two tons and a half of sugar per acre of plantation, and selling the sugar at 42l. per ton; the sugar was the produce of canes only two years old, and was pronounced by competent judges to be equal to the best article from the Mauritius; an estimate has been made that the planter alluded to, had expended nearly 5,000l. upon his mills and

estate, and is now already receiving a yearly net profit of 60*l.* per acre, upon the land that is brought into yielding. One planter who came into the colony four years ago, was getting last year as much as three tons per acre, from some part of his plantation. The best sugar lands in Natal yield five or six crops, before they need to be re-planted; the lighter and poor lands yield three crops, and this is about the average produce in many other sugar-growing countries.

"The manufacture of sugar on a large scale requires a considerable amount of capital. In a pamphlet published by Mr. Coqui of Natal, the aggregate cost of growing and manufacturing is stated upon the authority of an experienced planter, to be under 5*s.* per cwt. exclusive of the outlay for working stock and machinery. The capital deemed requisite for a plantation of 400 acres of cane without the value of land is 16,225*l.* The annual returns for this capital are estimated at 13,550*l.*, and the annual expenditure of carrying on the works 4,338*l.* In this calculation the value of the manufactured sugar is only taken at 15*l.* per ton, whereas, hitherto, sugar from Natal has sold readily for 35*l.* and 40*l.* per ton."

"The Kafir race which is available for the labour, entertains a strong fondness for the sweet juice, and for the refuse treacle, and hence will work at sugar mills, when he will not undertake other kind of labour. The Kafir will barter his mealies for treacle, when no other kind of payment will tempt him to dispose of them. It has been calculated that next year Natal will yield upon the lowest estimate 3,500 tons of sugar.

"Arrow-root is now cultivated with success in Natal, and it is a very important product, because it does not require first-class soil for its production; it grows well and yields heavy crops on land which is entirely valueless for sugar. It was first produced five years ago, and there are now more than 600 acres of land occupied by its roots, yielding annually from 10 to 12 cwt. of fecula per acre. The market value of the arrow-root produced in Natal is at the present time 9,000 per year.

"The cultivation of arrow-root needs a very moderate capital at starting, and it is attended by large and quick returns. In one very complete factory now at work, the necessary machinery and appliances for operations upon a large scale, and the cost of labour, have not exceeded 200*l.*, and the proceeds on the second year amounted to 400*l.* In a fair season, fifteen cwt. of arrow-root are produced from each acre of land; at the present prices the growth and manufacture of arrow-root pays 25*l.* per cent. per annum for invested capital.

"The primary cost of clearing an acre of bush ground, the best for planting coffee, is about 22*l.*; at the end of the third year the produce of this acre will amount to between 5*l.* and 6*l.*, and the profit will then go on year by year increasing almost without any further outlay. The price of land suitable for the growth of coffee, ranges from 2*l.* to 6*l.* per acre. About 680 plants are grown to the acre, and each shrub when arrived at maturity yields about two and a half pounds of berries annually, the lands now under cultivation in the colony will very soon be yielding about eighteen tons of berry per year.

"Sugar, arrow-root, and coffee, are the most valuable and promising of the vegetable productions of Natal, but successful experiments have also been made with cotton, indigo, sesamum seed, ground nut, tobacco, and various kinds of fibre-yielding plants."

The passage occupies between eighty and ninety days. The mail steamers make the voyage to the Cape in thirty-five days.

Our author gives some practical information relative to the expenses of the voyage, and what articles the emigrant will require to provide, into which we cannot enter.

Shakespeare Papers. Second Edition. By William Maginn, LL.D. (Richard Bentley.)

DR. MAGINN, the author of these Papers, was one of the most remarkable among the literary

men of the present century. He was the son of a schoolmaster, and was born at Cork on the 11th of November, 1794. He was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, at 10 years of age, and obtained his degree when only 14. For some time after leaving College he assisted his father, as a teacher of the Classics, in the Cork Academy, and for several years after his father's death the care of the academy devolved entirely upon him. But so quiet a life was unsuited for a man of his active temperament and brilliant abilities, so he quitted it to follow a literary career. His first writings appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, when under the management of William Jerdan, who said that Maginn was accustomed to send him "a perfect shower of varieties; classic paraphrases, anecdotes, illustrations of famous ancient authors, displaying a vast acquaintance with, and a fine appreciation of them." Soon afterwards he became connected with Blackwood's Magazine, to which he contributed a series of papers, under the sobriquet of Ensign Major O'Doherty. In these papers he displayed remarkable powers of wit, humour, and trenchant sarcasm, as well as great practical knowledge of life and keen insight into political matters.

In 1829 he projected, in concert with Mr. Hugh Fraser, Fraser's Magazine, which periodical soon became popular.

Seven years afterwards, in conjunction, amongst others, with Father Prout, Theodore Hook, Charles Dickens, Maxwell, Peacock, Morier, and Ingoldsbys, he became connected with Bentley's Miscellany, which had just then taken up a position in the ranks of the periodicals. His subsequent career is tolerably well known. His was a thoroughly bohemian life; and possessing as he did many fine, genial qualities, as well as being one of the wittiest of men, his society was much courted. To this may be attributed, in some measure, those unsteady habits the indulgence of which eventually brought his brilliant career to a premature close. He styled himself "a whisky-devouring Irishman." It was in the pages of Bentley's Miscellany that his essays on Shaksperian characters, with the exception of that on Hamlet, made their appearance. The essay on Hamlet appeared in Fraser's Magazine, but is included in the present edition of the "Shakspeare Papers." The following are the subjects he chose for his essays:—Sir John Falstaff, Jaques, Romeo, Midsummer Night's Dream—Bottom the Weaver, Lady Macbeth, Timon of Athens, Polonius, Iago, and Hamlet. In all of these essays Dr. Maginn displays great power, originality, and boldness in enforcing his arguments. He is especially vigorous in his attacks on some of Dr. Johnson's criticisms, as the following respecting his critique *ca* Falstaff will show:

"Nothing can be more false, nor, *pace tanti viri*, more unphilosophical, than Dr. Johnson's critique upon his character. According to him,

"Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirises in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the Duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety; by an unflinching power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely

indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

"The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff."

"What can be cheaper than the venting of moral apophthegms such as that which concludes the critique? Shakspeare, who had no notion of copybook ethics, well knew that Falstaffs are not as plenty as blackberries, and that the moral to be drawn from the representation is no more than that great powers of wit will fascinate, whether they be joined or not to qualities commanding grave esteem. In the commentary I have just quoted, the Doctor was thinking of such companions as Savage; but the interval is wide and deep.

"How idle is the question as to the cowardice of Falstaff. Maurice Morgann wrote an essay to free his character from the allegation; and it became the subject of keen controversy. Deeply would the knight have derided the discussion. His retreat from before Prince Henry and Poins, and his imitating death when attacked by Douglas, are the points mainly dwelt upon by those who make him a coward. I shall not minutely go over what I conceive to be a silly dispute on both sides: but in the former case Shakspeare saves his honour by making him offer at least some resistance to two bold and vigorous men when abandoned by his companions; and, in the latter, what fitting antagonist was the fat and blown soldier of threescore for

"That furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the King?"

He did no more than what Douglas himself did in the conclusion of the fight: overmatched, the renowned warrior

"Gan vall his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turned their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took."

"Why press cowardice on Falstaff more than upon Douglas? In an age when men of all ranks engaged in personal conflict, we find him chosen to a command in a slaughterous battle; he leads his men to posts of imminent peril; it is his sword which Henry wishes to borrow when about to engage Percy, and he refuses to lend it from its necessity to himself; he can jest coolly in the midst of danger; he is deemed worthy of employing the arm of Douglas at the time that Hotspur engages the prince; Sir John Coleville yields himself his prisoner; and, except in the jocular conversations among his own circle, no word is breathed that he has not performed, and is not ready to perform, the duties of a soldier. Even the attendant of the chief justice, with the assent of his hostile lordship, admits that he has done good service at Shrewsbury."

This essay concludes with a masterly summing up of the general character of Falstaff, which shows—as indeed do all of these essays—that Maginn studied Shakspeare with profound love and reverence. He seems like a diligent and faithful servant, to catch almost intuitively at his master's meaning in many instances. Few men indeed were more equal than he was to the task of interpreting Shakspeare's characters. To a vast and accurate acquaintance with books, he added a thorough knowledge of human life as it appears, not in the study, but in the active stirring world beyond.

The essay on Hamlet is the chief feature in the present edition. This paper was not included in the edition which was published a

few months back. Maginn deems Hamlet to be "essentially a psychological exercise and study," and "the most subtle and difficult" of Shakespeare's works. He has therefore discussed it at greater length than the other characters which he has chosen for his essays. In our opinion Goethe is the only man who thoroughly understood and appreciated the character of Hamlet, and the only one who has given anything like a satisfactory interpretation of it. Maginn, like most men who have examined this play with the object of getting at its true meaning, ends as he begins, by declaring the task almost hopeless.

The following observations which he makes on the subject will possibly explain why this is the case:

"Consider *Hamlet* in whatsoever light you will, it stands quite alone—most peculiarly apart, from every other play of Shakespeare's. A vast deal has been written upon the subject, yet it requires no very earnest examination and reflection to satisfy one's mind that, up to the present moment, little indeed has been written to the purpose. At first, this seemed strange. Contemplating the labours of a miscellaneous multitude, I was surprised that the several deficiencies of the one individual had not been successively supplied by the others—that each had not, after his lights and information, been enabled to furnish some valuable contribution to the general stock, which, by the agency of some plastic hand, might have ere now been moulded into a mass, well proportioned, clearly developed, available and satisfactory to the ordinary student: and for this last work the inspiration of Genius would not have been required. But upon thinking more deeply, and in a wiser spirit, because with a more reverential consideration of the author, I became conscious that a true comment on *Hamlet* could no more be the product of labour by a number of minds, than could the astounding drama itself be born as it is, a harmonious and complete creation, otherwise than by the throes of one all-sufficing Intelligence. As a single soul inspired the work, so should a single soul be breathed through the comment; and it should be, moreover, of a kindred order. The partial labours of a number of commentators produce merely bundles of sentences—sand without lime—things incongruous and worthless, because they are interpenetrated by no binding and dominant spirit. When we perceive and acknowledge this, as we needs must, the marvel ceases: the failure of the multitude was inevitable. We might hope to see a second Shakspeare, if the world had ever produced a commentator worthy of *Hamlet*. The qualities and faculties such a man should possess would be, indeed, 'rare in their separate excellence, wonderful in their combination.' Such a man as Shakspeare imagined in him to whom his hero bequeathed the task of

"Reporting him and his cause aright
To the unsatisfied."

such a man as Horatio, the profound scholar and the perfect gentleman, might have done it; but where in the actual world, that holds nothing of unmixt purity, can be found a man possessing the heart so bold and gentle—the feelings so exquisitely refined—the deep knowledge of man, and of all human learning—the proud exemption from the weaknesses and passions of frail mortals, that should qualify him for such a task? Alas! nowhere. But although we may not hope to see such a paragon upon earth, yet is it a gracious and a pleasing labour to add to the heap of materials already piled for his use; and, therefore, even I, an humble worshipper of Shakspeare's genius, now venture to put forth some remarks upon this *Hamlet*, his most subtle and difficult work."

It has not been our intention to discuss minutely in this Number, the points where Maginn differs from other Shaksperian critics, as this was done in our pages when the first

edition of his work was published. It has been our desire rather to draw attention to the opinions of one man of genius, on the writings of another man of far higher powers and genius. Maginn always handles his subject in a bold, original, and masterly style. He writes as one having authority—not as ordinary scribes—and any one who reads these essays, however they may differ in some points with the author's views and arguments, will be convinced that he is an original thinker as well as a man of great genius and extensive learning.

THE LITERATURE OF THE RIFLE.

THERE is never any great movement in England but it has its corresponding literature. Books, pamphlets, and newspapers are thought necessary to inaugurate and carry out any object on which the mind of the nation is set; and there is a reason, and a sound reason, for this. It might be said there are books enough on every subject if men will but take the trouble to read them; and as to newspapers, surely there need be no new ones when there are so many all ready to take up any given subject at a moment's notice.

Again, it rarely happens that a new special newspaper or other periodical, called into existence by an exceptional state of things, ever grows into a sufficient degree of importance, or lasts long enough to have any appreciable effect, even on the topic to which it is peculiarly devoted. We may regret in one respect the profuse expenditure "of christian ink" in the production of serials as useless in themselves as they are ephemeral in their duration; but after all they have their value, though they may ruin their projectors and fail to inform or profit the public.

We have at present just such a crisis. The whole nation is occupied with two topics, the budget and the rifle, and we are inundated with a deluge of soi-disant literature on the two subjects. With respect to the first, but that it will not keep, that a few days must so far decide all questions connected with it that it will be useless to dispute about them any longer, we should have all the parts of a budget literature. We should undoubtedly have a "Gladstone Budget Chronicle," and perhaps a "Gladstone Budget Gazette," so as duly to ventilate both sides of the measure. As it is, we must be content with the one paper which deals with all budgets in turn, and allows no financial matter to pass without a searching investigation. Of course we allude to the *Economist*. But the case of the rifle is a different one. This will be a long, enduring movement. It may, we hope it will, be the means of introducing very important changes into the military arrangements of this country. We rejoice in many of the indications of public spirit which it reveals; and, whether the rifle literature be good or bad, we shall in all probability have a good deal of it.

To understand the bearing of this subject we must take into consideration two or three points which are not sufficiently attended to. Military men who have studied their own science, and know it well, laugh an "unextinguishable laughter" at the books and pamphlets which many new recruits think fit to offer to the public as their contributions to the art of national defence; and undoubtedly, considered from their point of view, the productions in question are contemptible enough; but they will do no harm, they will give the writer an imaginary interest greater than it really is, in the movement, and so far make

him a more zealous volunteer. He will probably take more pains with his practice and become a better shot, and if he succeed in this he may be excused for being a bad writer. He will at all events be able, should need arise, to leave traces of his hand-writing in the faces of the foe. But the great consideration is one which, though it has been often referred to, is only now beginning to be realised. The movement is making known to us that we are so united a nation—that we are so thoroughly loyal, so contented with our form of government, so little prone to revolution, that a British cabinet can put arms of the most deadly precision into the hands of the nation at large, and have no fears for the result; and in this respect it is not too much to say that we stand absolutely alone in the world. No one can compare with such an institution as our growing rifle and artillery corps, the *Landwehr* of Prussia, or the proposed reserve militia of France. In our case the people is arming itself to support the government, and the government knows that in the popular mind there is no ulterior intention, the excitement is a perfectly honest and genuine one. But while this is felt in the hearts of individuals, it has not been generally understood how magnificent is the spectacle which we are thus displaying to the world; how sublime a commentary we are reading to all despots on the safety of constitutional government. Even while we write we hear of a rebellion in the Austrian army, of the suppression of the military academy, and the drafting its members into the ranks. Were it possible for us to conceive of a mutiny in the English army, we know well that the whole nation would rise to repress it, but what Austrian sovereign could give his Hungarian, Slavonian, or Italian subjects the fatal rifle, and say, "choose your own officers and defend the throne?"

As this idea becomes realised, the enthusiasm will increase; not that kind of enthusiasm which prompts a momentary blaze, and is then at once extinguished, but a steady, enduring determination to defend the country and its institutions. Nothing will tend so much to this as a free interchange of opinions. Hence the existence of newspapers having no other objects than to foster the volunteer spirit, and to chronicle the movements of its members. The number of these is much greater than is generally supposed, and new ones are even at this moment being projected. We have seen a very curious document containing the titles of no fewer than twenty-six rifle newspapers, all put forth by one person, and having for its object only to prevent any other man from using the title in question, but others have been devised, and the oxen will not be deprived of the hay, merely because the dog sits on the manger.

Of the books and pamphlets produced by the crisis, there are of course great varieties: some good—very few, however, deserve to be placed in this category; some bad—these are more numerous; and some indifferent, which are, as might reasonably be expected, the most abundant of all. One man tells us how Hannibal invented a new system of tactics, and how he beat the Romans thereby; supposing, no doubt, in his Arcadian innocence, that nobody knew anything about the great Carthaginian save himself, and that he really did understand his strategy—delightful illusions both! Another suggests all sorts of splendours by way of uniform, and evidently regards the whole movement, much as that great military genius George IV. did the army in his time, as a wonderfully fine opportunity for displaying the resources of the tailor. Another goes

in for the useful, and by way of proving his sincerity, tries hard to show how ugly a rifleman may be made to look. Turkish trowsers drawn up at the knees—others tucked into boots, all varieties of colours, every kind of shako—have their separate admirers, and he who cannot command the columns of a newspaper, has no other resource than to rush into print in the form of a pamphlet. Another question mooted largely is that of arms. Some hundreds of men have their own crotchets on this point, forgetting that even an inferior weapon, the use of which is universally taught, is better than the most perfect, if it be confined to a few corps, or what is worse, if every man be permitted to choose his own. These matters are now, to a certain extent, taken up by Government, which has of course consulted the best military authorities, and we shall probably have few discussions henceforward about uniforms, arms, and accoutrements.

But that much will be found still to write and to print can hardly be doubtful when we recollect that the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, have their own rifle corps, and that they will bring to their military occupation some portion at least, of their literary and professional habits.

To those who look on this great question, for a great question it undoubtedly is, with eyes open to its ultimate results, the prevalence of a peculiar rifle literature will not be an unpleasant circumstance. There are many who think that before many years, our military establishment will be brought down to what it was before the Russian war, nay, to what it was in the earlier part of the reign of William IV.; who think that home may be safely trusted for defence, to home-bred soldiers, and that our regular army will only be required for India and for foreign warfare. Should these anticipations be realised, it will be well that public opinion should have been freely expressed, and decidedly felt, on every part of the volunteer organisation; that the nation should know the new force to be its own making, and have no fear of any unnecessary tampering or jobbery on the part either of the Government in general or the Horse Guards in particular. But it will be necessary at the same time that the Government, which will in this case be represented by the Horse Guards, should also have complete confidence in the volunteer force: there must be no unworthy intriguing about commissions or preferment, no *playing at soldiers*. This most important subject must be diligently looked to; we must have strict military discipline, the stricter the better; indeed, it ought in several respects to be stricter than that of a regular army, for we have examples already before us of officers carrying their private piques and resentments into the service, and doing much to disorganise otherwise fine brigades.

Another matter of consequence is expense: this ought to be kept within the smallest possible limits. It is a great mistake to imagine that the working class are not as trustworthy as that of small shopkeepers. We would hail any measure which would bring working men into the ranks of our volunteers; that it is possible is proved by the example of the Messrs. Spottiswoode, an example which we should be glad to see generally followed. But under any circumstances we are bound to say, let the expense be as small as possible.

Amidst all the profusion of manuals, guides, drill books, companions, and other similar publications, we would say a few words to those among our riflemen who think at once "outside and inside their heads." The drill

sergeant is the best teacher, and the books studied in the army are the best books. They must be so on many accounts; they are not the production of amateurs, but of men who have made military science the business of their lives. We trust that among the half million of riflemen who will ere long constitute our home defence, there will be many who will think it worth while to study profoundly the science of war. They may become great generals even without having any opportunity of exhibiting their abilities, and perhaps even without becoming aware of them themselves.

NEW NOVELS.

Greymore. A Story of Country Life. 3 vols. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

If this tale be, as we infer from the paucity of the title-page, the work of a new writer, we are glad to congratulate the fair author upon the amount of promise which it holds out. The style is simple and refined; and the plot, although sufficiently complicated, clearly and satisfactorily evolved. The story has, after the fashion of the modern pantomimes, with their dual harlequins and columbines, two distinct heroes and heroines, cleverly contrasted; but we confess that we were somewhat disappointed when, just as we were beginning to feel interested in the first who appears upon the scene, he was suddenly superseded by the second. There is a considerable amount of good sense in the following description of Marmaduke Wentworth:

"It was not merely because he was agreeable and intellectual that Katharine was attracted by him; his judgment was sound as well as acute, and he had a way of looking straight to the truth of things, and an unflinching determination to abide by the right when once he was convinced of it, which she had not met with in any one before. Not that he was by any means faultless; he had some very grave failings: his acuteness of perception made him at times sophistical, that is to say, where his feelings were concerned; and, though resolute in doing right when his mind was made up, he had a tendency to delay and to put aside the consideration of what he ought to do. His very determination to deny himself and follow the course of duty when it was plain to him, led him sometimes to deceive himself, and to neglect to examine what he was about. He was indolent too, by nature and habit, and it was difficult to rouse him quickly to any decided action. But with all his faults, the ground of his character was true, and noble, and generous; and surely, with the addition of all his external advantages and accomplishments, it cannot be wondered at that a country girl like Katharine should suffer her heart to be wiled away from her, before it was asked for in direct terms."

Here is a sketch of Philip Thorpe, his rival:

"A tall, muscular frame, devoid of grace, it is true, but still, with an appearance of careless ease about it which forbade its being thoroughly awkward; a bronzed face, with regular, firmly cut features of somewhat massive type; a brow, far from deficient in intellect, though so shaded by heavy curly black locks, as to be almost lowering; light blue eyes, rather wanting in expression to cursory observers, but capable of sending forth beneath their thick, bushy, yet well-defined brows, those sudden gleams of pleasure, anger, and even fierceness, which seem peculiarly to belong to eyes of his kind; and a tender, calm smile, all these traits, had they been united with the bearing of a man of the world, or a carefully drilled soldier, would have made Philip Thorpe pass for a remarkably magnificent specimen of a man; but his slouching walk, his indifferent demeanour, and his excessively country air, detracted in a great measure from his personal advantages. He had been brought up at home, and his education had only been such as was within daily reach of Meadow Grange; and this, from no parsimony or intended neglect on the part of his parents; but they could not bear to part with an only child; and as for learning, they said to themselves, had not Mr. Hardinge, the head-master of Fairfield grammar-school, been a wrangler of his year at Cambridge? Of what use to send Philip far away from home to a great public school, when he could get sufficient Latin and Greek at Fairfield to make him a clergyman? What object to go further in search of instruction, when he was to be a farmer like his father and his grandfather before him?"

The loves of these two gentlemen for Agatha Marchmont and Katharine Rivers are pleasantly intermingled with home scenes, village gossip, and family jealousies. But while dwelling upon the good points of the book, we must not suffer our critical fiat to be so one-sided as to prevent our also indicating its blemishes; and two of these detract greatly from the aggregate merit of the work. We are quite ready to concede that the concealment by Agatha of the letter intended for her half sister Katharine, might, if more delicately handled, have been both effective and natural, and for a time it was undeniably both the one and the other; but we cannot, even

by the most resolute stretch of faith in our author, bring ourselves to believe that a cold and haughty woman, who, having been placed in a false position as regarded her own family, by being reared in that of her dead mother, amid the solemn grandeur and gloom of the aristocratic relatives of that mother; and whose heiress she became alike in wealth and name, on the death of the last representative of the Marchmonts of Greymore, whose social dignity and unsullied honour were to her dearer than all else on earth, could have persisted in retaining the said letter for four years, during which she was conscious that her gentle-hearted and affectionate sister, Katharine Rivers, was fading under the belief that one to whom she was entirely devoted, and who had given her every reason to believe that he returned her affection; and that too from the mean jealousy of resenting the fact that another had been preferred to herself by a man who had never given her cause to believe that she was more to him than an agreeable and intellectual acquaintance. We are told, it is true, of her mental conflicts, of the scorn which she felt of herself, of her inward shrinkings from the consciousness of her own wretched falsehood and sin, but still these conflicts, this self-scorn, and these inward shrinkings always terminate in the littleness of a resolve to persevere in her despicable duplicity rather than acknowledge that she has failings as well as those about her. This is, we contend, grievously unnatural, particularly when we are constantly told of her high-mindedness and her horror of everything base and ignoble. Thus, although after her constrained residence in the house of her father, and in the midst of his affectionate family-circle, she progresses from a plain and forbidding girl into a handsome and graceful woman, we have no sympathy in her self-inflicted troubles; particularly as she does not repair her fault until such reparation becomes necessary in order to secure her own happiness. We are quite aware that we have by no means taken the romantic view of the subject intended by the author, but we prefer regarding it in its common-sense aspect, and as it will certainly be regarded by every rational person. Then again Philip, who, in like manner, emerges from the shy and ungainly youth into the energetic and morbidly sensitive man, whose estimate of all that is truthful and honourable is constantly impressed upon us, and whose horror of deceit and equivocation is necessarily excessive, after his rejection by Katharine, discovers that he has never in reality loved her, but that his whole soul is bound up in Agatha, the heiress of the Marchmonts: and the young lady herself, having meanwhile greatly modified her notion of her own impecuniosity and importance, and compelled herself to admit that her chance of gaining Wentworth is utterly hopeless, consents to give her hand to the farmer's son, and the foreman to her own ironworks; a denouement ultimately brought about during the burning down of the spacious old feudal mansion of her maternal ancestors, where she had designed at a future day to make her own home; on which occasion the stalwart lover, already almost exhausted by his exertions in her behalf, obeys her imperative and insane command that some one among the lookers-on shall again venture into the blazing pile to rescue the portrait of a cavalier of the ancient race, together with a sword presented to him after the restoration by Charles II. in commemoration of his services, by plunging again into the midst of the roaring flames and falling timbers, amid the groans and shrieks of the spectators, who consider his destruction as inevitable; but he no sooner reappears scorched, bruised, and fainting, than she suddenly feels that even the family relics have become worthless in comparison with their deliverer, into whose arms she rushes regardless of the comments of the crowd about her. So far all is possible; thus much we are willing to concede, although it is highly improbable; but then occurs the other serious blemish of which we complain. Agatha resolves, rightly enough on mature reflection, not to become the wife of the sternly-judging Philip without informing him

of the sin-spot upon her soul; a confession which she believes, and, under the circumstances, with a considerable show of reason, will tend to separate them for ever. Then ensues the following scene in which the two *dramatis personæ* have, in the most incomprehensible way in the world, totally changed characters. Agatha has told her disgraceful story:

"Philip had listened in silence, betraying as little feeling as himself.

"But his apparent apathy was over now, and his only reply to Agatha's last speech was to draw her closely to him, saying in passionate tones:

"Then you are still mine—mine for ever!"

"Oh, Philip, you do not, you cannot understand," said Agatha, shrinking from him: "I am guilty of the very thing you most detest—falsehood. Did you not say you valued me for my truth? Did you not cast away Katharine from your thoughts, because she deceived you?"

"That was different," said Philip: "you have not deceived me; and you are Agatha, and she was Katharine."

"Such reasons cannot satisfy me, and they sound childish," said Agatha: "you once loved Katharine, and when you ceased to approve her, you ceased to love her; you can no longer approve me, and I could not bear to receive a love which was not founded on esteem, if such a thing were possible. I should scorn a pitying, compassionate love," she added, drawing herself up with her old proud look.

"Agatha," said Philip, "you don't understand me. Let us sit down under these cliffs, and I will try to explain why I love you, though surely you can feel that I do it, without explanation."

"Agatha followed him, and seated herself on a smooth stone, out of reach of observation from the beach. But she waited for some minutes before Philip again spoke; perhaps she scarcely wished him to commence, for the *dieu* fell, in spite of herself, that he still loved her.

"It is so difficult to reason upon one's feelings," he said, at length: "I am quite satisfied myself with possessing them without knowing why; but if you cannot rest without being told—Well, I think it is partly because, though you have failed in truth, and committed what I really consider a great fault, yet you have confessed at last as few people would have done. There was no occasion to tell Katharine just now, and no occasion to tell me at all."

"I should indeed have been unworthy if I could have allowed you to love me whilst I kept such a thing concealed," said Agatha, quickly, her eye kindling and her cheek flushing. "I am bad enough, but not base enough for that; and I am sure you never could have thought of me had it been possible. I must have betrayed my nature to you had it been so utterly mean and contemptible. No; you would never have dreamt of me."

"No, I never could," said Philip: "and if by any chance I had been so far deceived in your character, and afterwards had learnt from another the consequences you had practised, no earthly power should have induced me to ally myself to such a woman. At the very altar I would have cast you off—I should have hated you. But you have acted quite differently. Can you not believe now that I am sincere in saying I still love you?"

"I think you are under a delusion," said Agatha, sadly; "you must be disappointed in me: I am not what you expected. Oh, I wish you would reproach me, treat me scornfully, angrily, passionately, for this leniency I cannot trust—cannot believe."

"And Agatha rose, and in her agitation paced rapidly backwards and forwards on the smooth platform of sand under the rocks."

"What can I say?" said Philip: "how can I make it plain to you that I did not love you for any one particular thing, but for yourself altogether? You are Agatha, that is enough for me: there is not, to me, another in the world like you, and you suit me. I never thought you perfection, and one fault does not alter your whole nature."

"But a fault so mean, so unlike anything you anticipated!"

"It sprang from a quality I knew you possessed—your pride," said Philip: "I will blame you for that as much as you like, but I have loved you in spite of it, and shall not change now. I own I was shocked when you began to tell your history, but my great dread was that you had felt for another person what you say—what I know you feel for me. I am convinced now that you did not really care for Mr. Wentworth, and the relief from that dread makes everything else trifling."

"But you can have no confidence in me," said Agatha. "Can you—dare you—undertake to guide my steps?"

"I would dare anything when you speak to me in that way," said Philip. "Oh, Agatha, cannot you see that your humility now may well give me confidence? You will not require guiding. You will be my help and comfort—my own true wife."

"I am so uncertain," persisted Agatha, though visions of happiness glittered before her eyes; "even now, I am giving way to pride. I cannot bear to think that you must esteem me least. Even in asking for guidance, I rebel against it. Philip, how can you love me when I am so perverse?"

"It is useless finding reasons," said Philip: "and I was never good at hair-splitting and defining. . . . I am not the person to judge you, and you are still my Agatha. I began to think that I had deluded myself, and yet—no, Agatha, it was real. You were true to your real self last night, as I was. There was no veil between us: we looked right down into each other's hearts."

"It was true," said Agatha, "but I can scarcely believe your feelings will last. You will always have to be excusing me to yourself, to keep alive your affection."

"You are growing provoking, Agatha; you are determined to disbelieve me."

"No: only afraid of believing," said Agatha: "you loved a character which is not mine."

"I tell you I loved you, Agatha," returned Philip, half angrily—"you yourself, both the good and the bad of you. If you can do the same, let us rest satisfied without searching for arguments to prove that we ought to love each other."

Do you hear me, Agatha? will you not take my view of the case?"

"There was something in Philip's vehemence that almost frightened Agatha and took away her power to reply, but her silence and her cast-down eyes were sufficiently satisfactory, and Philip drew her towards him and kissed her."

The scene of the conflagration is most graphically drawn; and the author is an adept at analysing the motives and manoeuvres of young girls: let her avoid, in future, all distortion of human feelings and impulses, and all the rapid and exaggerated transitions of character, and we predict for her a brilliant career as a novelist; there being no want of either power or invention in these volumes, although they betray an occasional deficiency of judgment and an unhealthy tendency towards melodramatic effect.

Before the Dawn. A Tale of Italy. By Kate Crichton. 2 vols. (Skeet.)

THE DAWN, as Miss Crichton understands it, is the dreary time which preceded the sun of Solferino, and her novel is in so far a tale of Italian life, as among its various incidents there occur a conspiracy and a street row at Milan, not to mention a very dull conversation between an artist and his patron in a studio at Rome. With equal fitness, these two volumes might be represented as a tale of German and of English life, for the most verbose descriptions of places and records of conversations are dated from Mentz, Wiesbaden, and London. Miss Crichton tells us in her preface that during her stay in Milan an insurrection "occurred in that city, which terminated in the most heart-rending scenes." Those scenes made a deep impression on her mind, and she has endeavoured to commemorate them in "Before the Dawn." And there actually "occurs" in her two volumes the arrest of one man, and the hanging by mistake of another, besides the execution of four nameless persons, of whom nothing whatever is said, except that they were hanged. The insurrection at Milan is depicted by an account of a stratagem, of which the correspondent of the *Times* gave an excellent description, while Miss Crichton's account strikes one as excessively cold and colourless. But for her assurance that she was a spectator of the scene, we should have taken it for granted that she wrote the hearsay evidence of a very dull and unimaginative eye-witness. Her description of the arrest of the hero who is eventually hanged by mistake, is certainly as akin to the ludicrous as such a scene possibly can be. She represents him as passing across the stage—the street we mean—hatless, his hair blown back, and hitting with a big stick at a number of soldiers, who, with drawn swords, surround him and drive him off to prison.

Miss Crichton does not tell us that she travelled and stayed for some time on the Rhine, and that she passed through Switzerland. Nevertheless, her having done so is strikingly apparent from her book, which is, in fact, a hash from the remains of her travels. We have no doubt she was exceedingly frightened at Milan, and we are equally certain that she enjoyed herself in Mentz and Wiesbaden, and that she made the acquaintance of some bad inns and extortionate innkeepers in Switzerland. But we ask, not in anger, but humbly, and in sober sadness, is all this a reason why we, the public, who are supposed to have a taste for polenta and macaroni, should be misled by the cunning device of "A Tale of Italian Life," when the hostess has nothing to give us, save a box of very stale sardines, added to a *réchauffé* of her German breakfasts and picnic dinners? In her German sketches she draws from nature, but her nature is tame and commonplace in the extreme. Her account of a *caffè visito* is singularly true, and perhaps for that reason singularly uninteresting. Her plot is the usual one: love-making, flirting, and cross purposes. Carlo loves Rachel, and Rachel loves Carlo; but Carlo marries Rosa, because he is too proud to confess his love for Rachel. Rachel pines, and twice refuses Mr. Hartley, who perseveringly offers again and

is accepted, and Rachel would be married to the man whom she respects, but for the fortunate accident of Carlo, who has since become a widower, turning up in the nick of time, to spare her the remorse of years, or an appeal to Sir Cresswell Cresswell. Thereupon Carlo is married, *vice* Hartley who resigns, and lives for his two little girls; and Harry and Maria Felten, who were married at the beginning of the second volume, become in the last chapter possessed of "a fat round ball of white flesh, that tumbles about and crows when his mother takes him up and shakes him at his admiring father." And the moral of it all is, that the Austrians are tyrants, and the Italians victims; that Germany is a pleasant country, that England is not nearly so bad as she seems, and that the great business of life consists in marrying and giving in marriage. Among the truths inculcated, we note that rich and gorgeous materials are not fit for a wedding, and that a plain white tarlatan, beautifully made, with its three white skirts falling lightly one over another, gives an idea of simplicity and purity, and is consequently by far the most becoming bridal dress.

The interest we take in this very insipid novel is entirely due to Miss Crichton's peculiar position. A promising candidate for operative honours and emoluments, her career has been cut short by a dire misfortune. She has lost her voice, and since the loss has been caused through severe illness, she is not likely to regain her treasure. Of course she is not dumb; she can converse and even sing, and perhaps to more purpose and more harmoniously than the majority of unprofessional women, but every chance of success on the stage is gone. Under these circumstances, and while still mangled with the crumbling ruins of her hopes, her resolution to open for herself a new career is highly creditable, and every member of the weary brotherhood of the pen should hold out a guiding hand to this inexperienced sister. We do our part by telling Miss Kate Crichton bluntly, yet kindly, that the sort of performance with which she has made her *début* will not do, and that the profession of literature requires a severe training of thought and feelings, of eyes and ears, of diction and imagination; and that unless she makes up her mind to apply herself to her new vocation seriously, devotedly, and lovingly, she never will and never can succeed. We do not ask her to step out of her proper sphere, but we would, in the first place, entreat her to learn to use her eyes, to learn to see the phases of life which a woman may fitly see, to learn to hear the sort of talk which a woman may fitly hear, and to reproduce the essence of her experience, not in the manner of a photographer, not in that of a shorthand writer, but as an artist. Minute descriptions are very easy for lady writers and very wearisome to readers. A true artist in description will give more idea of life and character in two lines than can be conveyed by the most careful description of every article of dress a lady happens to wear on the particular occasion on which Miss Crichton thinks proper to introduce her to the reader. A single sentence, alive with individuality, will show us more of the mind of her heroes and heroines than two scores of pages of twaddling conversation. Shorthand notes of such conversation may be true to life, but what would the authoress say were we to submit to her inspection and admiration the photographic portraits of all the telegraph posts between London and Dover? They too would be true to nature, but we doubt whether the contemplation of them would be pleasant or profitable to Miss Kate Crichton.

POETRY.

The Devil's Triumph, a Satire, and other Poems. By Captain R. Compton Noake. (Simpkin & Marshall.)

It is difficult to say to what school of theology Captain Noake belongs. He finds fault, in the Devil's Satire, with Bishop Horsley, Bishop Pearson, Archbishop Whately, and Dean Hook,

with regard to the meaning of the word Hell, to say nothing of the position of the place itself; but does not tell us what opinion we are to adopt in the place of those of which he so summarily disposes.

He dedicates his work to those of the clergy (under which title he evidently includes ministers of all denominations),

"Who drink from living springs,
Nor soar upon sectarian wings;"

that is, it is to be supposed, to all who have no principles to guide them excepting that universal benevolence which some men profess, although they cannot define it. As may be expected, he finds few if any (and instances none), who come up to his standard of excellence, and accordingly makes crusade against ministers generally, especially those whom he calls priests.

He represents the Devil as requesting an angel to

"Turn on one ray of his bright robe,"

in order to show to himself (the angel) the hearts and thoughts of different men, and so undeceive himself as to those who, he thought, were in the right way; and a most melancholy view of human nature he presents to us, as the "ray" is "turned on," like a jet of gas, so as to throw light, first on one soul, then on another; and of no one is a more melancholy picture presented to us than of the "ministers," and of one in particular, a popular preacher, who is represented as throwing off the mask, though not too publicly, on which

"He's mine—he's mine; the tempter cried,"

(the motto on the title-page); and soon afterwards, when the Doctor mounts a ladder, which

"pierced the highest cloud
Up from the shoulders of the crowd,
Forged by Ambition's tools,"

he indeed mounted to the skies, but the ladder and the Doctor fell together, and the Doctor was soon afterwards found floundering uneasily about among the clouds, surrounded by a chorus of young imps, &c., the burden of whose song was that he was not to return to earth, "O! O! no, no, no;" wherever else he might go; in which society he leaves him. Thus concludes "The Devil's Triumph."

Among the "other poems" is one called "Raglan's Review and Triumph," in which Lord Raglan and the defunct Crimean heroes are represented as inhabiting some abode after death, which he here calls "Hades." They march, intending to go somewhere and do something, and commence by erecting a triumphal arch, founded on revealed truth, of stones quarried from the rock of light, on each of which is written the following tolerably long inscription:

"The soul no more
Shall wander gloomily on Hades' shore,
The good and brave at death shall rise to Heaven,
Whilst priestly sophists shall be hellward driven."

A priest approaches (the poor clergy again!), whose robe is "woven from a lie," whose eye is "reason-blind,"

"his heart a stone,
Which could be touched by ridicule alone;"
"The cap he wore was intellectual pride," &c. &c.

The abode in which this army is now located is under ground, immediately beneath the Caspian; their engineers bore up to the bed, fire a train, and submerge Hades for ever. The review of the troops by Lord Raglan after their achievements concludes the scene. They do not, however, seem to have reached heaven, and what the point of the poem, or indeed of any of the poems may be, remains to be explained by Captain Noake, if it cannot be understood by his readers.

Towards the end of the work is a long collection of proverbs; but as Solomon and Martin Farquhar Tupper had preoccupied the ground, there seems to be little occasion for Captain Noake's series. His ideas of a future state seem little likely to attract those who have a taste either for literature or religion, as he represents a part of the future employment of the blest to consist in singing selections from his own unpretending little work.

SHORT NOTICES.

Specimens of a Metrical Version of the Psalms. By C. B. Cayley, B.A. To a certain extent the plan of Mr. Cayley's Version is good. He adapts his metres, as far as he can, to the structure of the original, "preserving the natural divisions of each Psalm, and marking the parallelisms by a distinct cadence, while aiming at a more concise and severe style of diction than is attainable when simple verses are indiscriminately expanded into quatrains." So far very well; but then unfortunately, though Mr. Cayley only pretends to give us a metrical version, he gives us also what he did not offer, and what, from the nature of his rhythm, we could have done very well without, viz. a rhyming version. He has hampered himself too much, and the natural consequence is that the attempt is not nearly so successful as it might have been.

The Church Cause and the Church Party. (Mozley & Murray.) This is a reprint from the *Christian Remembrancer* for January. We have read it with attention and with very great interest, and are only sorry that these are hardly the columns in which either to quote it or to discuss the subjects upon which it treats. What we can conscientiously do however, that we most cheerfully do; we cordially recommend it to the perusal of all who feel any concern in the Ecclesiastical Questions of the day. Few papers that we have seen have taken so wide a field, or evince so much information, or are written in so earnest and manly a spirit as this. Whoever the author may be, he has done well and deserves our hearty thanks.

The Riots at St. George's East. A Letter to the Lord Bishop of London. By A. Layman. (Pickering.) This is the production of a gentleman who espouses, with no little warmth, the cause of the Rector of St. George's, and appears to be one of those who on Sundays are in the habit of acting as a body-guard to the clergy, to protect them from the ill-usage of the mob. He is evidently well acquainted with the subject upon which he writes, and seems to have traced the tumults of that unhappy parish to their true cause.

Reform of the Sewers. Where shall we Bathe? What shall we Drink? By G. Rochford Clarke, Esq., M.A. Barrister-at-law, &c. Second Edition, enlarged. (J. H. Parker; Jas. Ridgway.) We are not surprised that Mr. Clarke's pamphlet should have so soon reached a second edition. Indeed the subject is of so popular a character that it would be strange if the work were not eagerly sought after. We recommend its perusal to our numerous agricultural readers, who cannot fail to derive much profit from it.

Memorials of Workers. By George Godwin, F.R.S. (Hardwicke.) This is a lecture, delivered by the author at the Architectural Museum, South Kensington, for the purpose of encouraging the humble worker, and inciting him to exertion, by making the past a lesson for the present. It was a worthy object that the lecturer had in view, and his lecture will serve effectually to promote it. It contains brief notices of many who have by patience and perseverance risen from the humblest ranks to fame and fortune, and it warns us not to relax our efforts, but to look rather at what men have done, and to learn therefrom what men may do. That which Mr. Smiles's "Self Help" will do for those who can afford his book, this little lecture of forty-six pp. will do for the poorer; and we heartily wish it an extensive circulation.

Liber Albus: the White Book of the City of London. Translated from the Original Latin and Anglo-Norman, by Henry Thomas Riley, M.A. (Griffin & Co.) This book, which has been recently published in the original by the authority of Government, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, was first compiled A.D. 1419, by John Carpenter, *Common Clerk*; Richard Whittington, *Mayor*. The present translator was

also the editor selected by the Master of the Rolls to bring out the work, and we believe that he ably performed his task. The appearance of the "Liber Albus" in English is, at least to all who care to know anything about the history of their forefathers, a matter of interest. The work is one of the earliest records of the City of London in existence, and its illustrations of the social condition, customs, and usages of our ancestors of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are very valuable. It is proposed to publish the volume by subscription at as reasonable a price as possible.

Biography and Criticism. Being a second series of "Eminent Men and Popular Books," from the *Times*. (Routledge, Warne & Routledge.) The title of this book explains that it is a collection of Reviews which have already appeared in the *Times*. They are all written with great care and ability, and we think it was a very good idea which induced Messrs. Routledge & Co. to collect and give them to the public in their present form. Would it be worth while to collect the Dramatic and Musical Criticisms, and publish them in the same way, — say annually?

Brief Sketches of Booterstown and Donnybrook. By the Rev. B. H. Blacker, A.M. (George Herbert.) It is very unfortunate when a man of education and active temperament is placed in such circumstances, that he must either sit still, or else write the history of an insignificant parish. Such a man, however, must do something, he must be busy, or else go mad. Besides, the inward resources and fertility of mind of some men is so great, that they will make the most outlandish subjects interesting. We opened the little book now before us without having the remotest idea that it could possess any matter of even trifling interest; but in this we were mistaken, for we find that Booterstown and Donnybrook are really places possessing a considerable amount of historical and local interest. Notwithstanding this, however, we are afraid that books of this description, though to the author their compilation may have been a labour of love, and though they may be read with much interest by the inhabitants of the parishes of which they treat, are by the rest of mankind regarded with profound indifference.

Chambers' Cyclopædia, Part XII. (W. & R. Chambers.) The present number completes the B.A.'s or nearly so, and fully maintains the reputation of the work as a cheap and excellent dictionary of general reference. It supplies a fund of accurate information at a marvellously low price.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Spiritual Magazine. No. III. (Pitman.) This number is like the two preceding, evincing the same contempt for all who do not believe in the mysteries of what is now called *spiritualism*, and the same implicit faith on the part of the conductors of the magazine in anything that anybody of their way of thinking chooses to relate. The paper has on its title-page as mottoes two texts from Scripture, of which the former denotes the self-sufficiency of the sect as plainly as the latter does their (we could almost call it) profanity and ignorance. Surely St. Paul, when he wrote to the Corinthians, "concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant," may be supposed to have meant better things than such as we find in the trashy contents of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

Macmillan's Magazine improves still more. The present part of Tom Brown at Oxford is very much better written than any previous part; the boat-race being remarkably good. The article on English Etymology, by Herbert Coleridge, is as full of interest as of information. The chapter on the Revivals of last year, and the tale of "My Child-Passenger," are also well worthy of perusal. The Magazine is, we understand, already very successful, and it deserves to be so.

Blackwood commences with an intelligent paper upon "Lord Elgin's Mission to China;" we have then a continuation of "St. Stephen's," quite equal to the former parts, both in descriptive power, happy expression, and unflagging spirit—take the portrait of Burdett for example; and whoever may be the author—be his name handled or unhandled—it is evident that, besides being a man of talent, he is a man of great research, for he has discovered a work of Cicero's unknown to Nobbe and other scholars, of which the title is *De Claribus (sic) Oratoribus*, p. 229: "Norman Sinclair," part III. comes next: then "Nelson and Caracciolo," wherein the writer devotes himself to the honourable task of clearing the character of Nelson: afterwards "Betsy Brown, a true Story," in verse, which tells how Miss Betsy 'serves her mother out' for opposing her matrimonial desires: and "A Word about Tom Jones," "The Luck of Ladysmede," part the last, "The Foreign Connection of the House of Bull," a translation of the "Dies Irae," "Volunteer Cavalry Movements," and "The Anglo-Gallican Budget," complete the number. The first of these will astonish, if not anger, lovers of Fielding, though there is a great deal of truth in some of the writer's remarks, and in the last we were not at all amazed to read "we are against the treaty altogether."

Fraser, as usual, contains much nice reading: there are "unpublished letters" for the worshipper of Shelley; A. K. H. B. contributes a paper "concerning the Worries of Life" which we are sorry we could not read according to his prescription, and for that reason perhaps thought a little cumbered with diffuse introductory matter, and not particularly original: besides a "worry" is not easily defined; we rather imagine that Hebe and A. K. H. B. would differ as to the amount of "worry" in having what is vulgarly called a "grog-blossom" upon the tip of the nose. "Female Labour" is a sensible paper, "Madame Récamier" interesting, and "The Wine Question Reviewed" opportune: of course there is an article on the "Budget," and one is not in the least surprised to find that whilst *Blackwood* condemns it, *Fraser* wishes it all success: so different does the same object appear from opposite points of view.

The Dublin University for thirty pieces of copper offers the reader, Part III. of "Vonved the Dane," wherein a traitor is condemned to walk the plank, and has the execution of his sentence cruelly delayed by the writer for several pages; and amongst other articles "The Season Ticket, No. XII." in which there is much talk of Dr. Smethurst, Sir G. C. Lewis, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Lord Campbell, Sir Cresswell Cresswell, murder, matrimony, and adultery, but not so much wit and humour as the writer is wont to exhibit. Perhaps the most attractive paper is "A Peep into Tangier."

Kingston's Magazine continues its cheerful task of amusing and instructing boys in its usual style: its "Sketches from the Life of the late Major Hodson" ought to do lads good: and "My Travels" will be found agreeable reading, but we wish that men could write about Roman Catholic countries without finding fault with their religion, and without serving up the old dishes of murdered nuns, blasphemous priests, and contemptible friars. We don't want our boys to grow up imbued with a spirit of fanatical hatred, which for want of a worse field upon which to display itself, is obliged to have recourse to such profane indecency as disgraces religion week after week at St George's in the East.

Colburn's New Monthly promises more than its usual measure of amusement to the reader, and the paper called "France and Italy" will be perused with much satisfaction by enemies of Louis Napoleon, concerning whom we read that "from the 1st of January 1859, he has been going from one error to another, and has now entered an *impasse* whence his only chance of extrication is by retracing his steps." It will be new to see Louis Napoleon practising the crab-steps.

The *Universal Review* has an article upon "Roman London," which will not be found very attractive by the general reader; a paper upon the Ulster Revivals, which comes rather late in the day, and in which the writer takes much about the same view of the question as most anti-humbag authorities; "Odd Days in Hyde Park," by Dr. Doran, readable enough, but not very replete with novelties; "National Music," which will attract a great deal of attention; "Sir Everard's Daughter," chaps. vii, viii, and ix, wherein will be found many a bitter sneer at the ways of the world, after the following style: "So Reginald Adenbroke fought his way up, and on the termination of hostilities came home a colonel and a C. B., envied, maligned, and traduced, as merit in a great and generous and free country ought to be." The three remaining papers are of a political character, and should of course be read more carefully than time permits us to read them, with a view to ascertain all their merits.

Journal de l'Instruction Publique, and Journal of Education, of Montreal, Lower Canada. Vol. IV. No. 1. We are happy to see from the January numbers of these periodicals the fair progress that education is making in Canada. The statistics are very cheering, and prove the existence of thorough earnestness in the work. It is interesting to receive these accounts from our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Friend of the People. No. V. We still have reason to speak in high terms of this newly-started periodical. Its articles are well written, and contain much that is thoughtful and good. We have no doubt of its excellence and its usefulness; we only wish that they would infallibly lead to success.

The Leisure Hour. The leading story of this Journal, entitled "The Ferrol Family; or, Keeping up Appearances," is getting very interesting. Dr. Ferrol begins to feel the inconveniences of having begun his career with the determination to keep up appearances, according to the principle so strongly advocated by his mother. He is getting into debt, his poor wife is getting ill through secretly depriving herself of common necessities in order that her husband may be better able to keep a carriage and a fine horse, and that "sad epoch to a loving wife" has arrived, namely, "the first unkind parting;" and, worse than all this, dark thoughts, with the fascinating powers of the serpent, are luring him to a crime which must end in the complete destruction of his peace and happiness for ever. This story is extremely well written, and reads a terrible lesson to all those who have placed themselves in a false position with the desire to "keep up appearances." The number for February contains besides some capital papers, the general characteristic of which is, that they are instructive without being dry or technical, and amusing without being flippant or vulgar. We may mention "A Day at Ben Drying;" or, A Letter from a Hydropathic Contributor," as being especially noticeable for the combination of humour and information which it contains. The illustrations to this paper are by McConnell, and exhibit his usual good taste and ability.

Bentley's Miscellany for March.—One of the best things which this number contains, is a poem entitled "French and English Beauties," by Nicholas Michell. The lines trip lightly along and are full of music and delicate feeling. We cannot resist giving the two last verses of each poem.

"Pleased with life, and ever smiling,
Cheerful star 'mid sorrow's night,
From her bosom care exiling,
Mere existence a delight.

With no deep thoughts spirit-laden,
Yet most rich in fancy's fire;
Such is Gallia's light-souled Maiden;
Stint not praises—love, admire."

"Blue as azure heaven above her,
Looking virtue, shine her eyes,
Spirit's home; who would not love her,
And that English Beauty prize?"

Truth, affection, and deep feeling,
Nestle, dove-like, in her breast;
Guardian angels, round her stealing,
Watch her, guide her, make her blest!"

Who will deny the beauty of these lines?

The Church of England Monthly Review. For March. — The principal article in this number is one on the late Lord Macaulay. It appears to be written in a very impartial spirit, and we are inclined to agree with most of the author's views as regards Macaulay's writings and character — except that we think he rather under-rates in some respects his power and originality, as in the following remarks:—

"Macaulay is essentially an artist. His writing-paper is to him what canvas is to a painter. He disposes of words as an artist would dispose of colours. He deserves the title which the lamented R. B. Haydon used to appropriate to himself, 'Historical Painter.' His is also due the title of the famous Peter Lombard, 'Master of the Sentences.' In fact, his genius mainly consists in his diction. Now surely this is very opposite to writings containing great thoughts. Where there is a great work, the diction is nothing to the idea. Ornament is manifestly out of place. The fewer words decidedly the better. For this reason, we doubt if, a hundred years to come, Mr. Macaulay's works will be much read in foreign translations. Mere beauties of style are delicate exotics, that cannot flourish away from the freshness of their own soil and the brightness of their own heaven."

These remarks may be true to a certain extent, but Macaulay was not a mere "sentence juggler," as Johnson has been unjustly termed. He was certainly not a man of great original genius, but a more talented man never lived. On the whole, however, as we have already intimated, we think the author's estimate of Macaulay, both as an author and as a man, is essentially correct, and for this reason we think his article is well worth perusal: so also is that on the "Social Aspect of Oxford and Cambridge," which contains much sound sense. The writer, while admitting that "many undeniable charges have been urged against the universities by the authors of works like 'Alma Mater,' and 'Liberty Hall,'" justly observes that the "scurrilous personality" and "intemperate tone" which characterise these works are as "detrimental to true reform as they are discreditable to the author."

Lord Stafford. A Lecture delivered at the Clapham Athenæum. By the Rev. Arthur Cazenove, M.A. — In his preface the author observes that "nothing can be more delusive than traditional views of history; and my object has been to detach the character of Lord Stafford from that traditional condemnation which he usually receives because he belonged to the Royalist party." The character of Stafford is vindicated with great warmth throughout the lecture, and the author concludes by saying, that the answer to a question as to whether he deserved his fate at his country's hands, can only be this; namely, "that he died a martyr to the wicked cry of a misguided rabble; but now lives triumphant in his country's history, with a garland of honours wreathed around his brow."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Ahn's New Method of Learning Hebrew, 12mo. 4s.
Amessey (Antonius), Notes from the Life of a Syrian, 12mo. 1s.
Birthday (The), and Visit to Holly Farm, 18mo. 1s.
Bohn's Historical Library, Nugent's, Lord, Memoirs of Hampden, 2s.
Byers (T.), The Objective Character of Christian Truth, 8vo. 1s.
Casket of Lyric Gems, 4to. 6s. 6d.
Christy's Minstrels, Fifty Admired Songs, 4to. 1s.
Collis (J. D.), Stepping Stone from Beginning of Greek Grammar, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Cook (E.), Jottings from my Journal, 12mo. 2s.
De Morgan's Syllogism of a Prepared System of Logic, 8vo. 1s.
Doran (Dr.), Book of the Princes of Wales, post 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Gasc (F.), Materials for French Prose Composition, 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Key to, 6s.
Gladstone (W.), Speech on the Financial State of the Country, 8vo. 1s.
Gurney (A.), Sermons Anglicane à la Chapelle Anglicane à Paris, 12mo. 2s.
Hammond (Capt.), Memoir of, new ed. post 8vo. 5s.
Hawkins (R. W.), Comparative View of the Animal and Human Frame, 8vo. 12s.
Hawthorne (N.), Transformation; or, the Romance of Bonie Beni, 3 vols. 21s. 6d.
Homer's Iliad, Translated by Pope, new ed. 24mo. 2s. 6d.
Houston (Robert), Memoir by himself, 3rd ed. post 8vo. 5s.
Hughes (W.), Reading Lessons, new ed. 4 vols. 12mo. 3s. 6d. each.
James (R.), Psalter or Psalms of David, Pointed for Chanting, new ed. 3mo. 2s.
Kennedy (J.), Work and Conflict, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Kirk (J.), Charles Wesley, the Poet of Methodism, 12mo. 1s.
Knill (R.), Life of, by Borrell, new ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Lansdale (W.), Woman's Sphere and Work, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Landmarks of Modern History, by Author of "Heir of Redclyffe," new ed. 12mo. 5s. 6d.
Lectures on the Mountains, Highlands, and Highlanders, vol. 2. 12mo. 4s.

Liard (A.), Causes and Treatment of Imperfect Indigestion, 12mo. 4s.
Lowder's Engineers' Handbook, 12mo. 5s.
Lyra Apostolica, new ed. 32mo. 3s. 6d.
Lytton (E. B.), My Novel, vol. 3, library ed. 12mo. 5s.
Mace (W. C.), on the Voluntary System, 8vo. 1s.
Minot, A Collection of Four Part Songs, 8vo. 5s.
Neate (C.), Two Lectures on History and Condition of Landed Property, 8vo. 1s.
One Trial, a Novel, by H. R. C., 5 vols. post 8vo. 31s.
Page (J.), Fractional Calculator, 4th ed. 12mo. 4s.
Peter Parley's Universal History of the Basis of Geography, new ed. 32mo. 5s.
Picture Treasury for Little Boys and Girls, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Piddington (H.), Sailors' Handbook of Law of Storms, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Playmate (The), new ed. 12mo. 5s.
Rever (J. W.), Lectures on the 2nd Psalm, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Roth (M.), Hygienic Treatment of Paralysis, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Scott's Waverley Novels, Illustrated Edition, Bride of Lammermoor, vol. 1, 8vo. 1s. 6d. each.
Season Ticket, by Sam. Ellick, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Sherwood (Mrs.), Lady of the Manor, vol. 4, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Simpson and Wise's Ready Reckoner, new ed. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Simpkinson (J.), The Washingtons, a Tale of a Country Parish, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Smith (H.), Hemorrhoids and Prolapsis of the Rectum, 2nd ed. 12mo. 3s.
Stanley (A. P.), Freedom and Labour, Two Sermons, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Tales from Bentley, vol. 3, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Tales from Blackwood, vol. 8, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Taylor's Builders' Price Book, 1860, post 8vo. 4s.
Trollope (A.), The Three Clerks, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Universal Decanter, new series, 1 vol. 4to. 7s. 6d.
Vidal (Mrs.), Bengala (or, Some Time Ago, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
Weir (A.), Revivalism brought to the Test of Scripture, 8vo. 1s.
Wellbeloved (Charles), Biographical Memoir, 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Why did You let the Cat out of the Bag? (Church Rates), 8vo. 1s.
Winlow (O.), Precious Things of God, 4th ed. 12mo. 5s.
Wood (H.), Dunsbury House, 12mo. 1s.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 25th February, 1860, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 5358; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 4441. On the three Students' days (admission to the public 6d.) 1412; one Students' evening, Wednesday, 449. Total, 11,660. From the opening of the Museum, 1,295,686.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Return of Admissions for Six Days ending Friday, Feb. 24th, 1860: Number Admitted, including Season Ticket Holders, 11,537.

Mr. Morris Moore has received the following invitation from the Presidency of the Academy at Venice:—

(Translation.)

"Presidency of the I. R. Accademia di Belli Arti.
"Chiarissimo Signore,—The Supreme Ministry of Worship and of Public Instruction in its dispatch of the 28th last January, communicated by the I. R. Lieutenantcy with endorsement of the 8th instant, enjoins the Academy to co-operate towards your exhibiting in the Academy's halls, the picture by Raphael representing Apollo and Marsyas, the original drawing for which is preserved in this establishment. The undersigned, rejoiced that you intend affording our Academy an opportunity to admire a painting which has won the applause of so many celebrated academies, and of the first capitals of Europe, feel it their duty to communicate to you the ministerial ordinances, and to invite you to come to their offices whenever most convenient, in order to determine the arrangements and the days of exhibition; declaring themselves ready to second, as far as lies in their power, a matter of such consequence to art, and which will, without doubt, prove peculiarly acceptable to Venice, which has the good fortune to possess the original drawing.

"For the Presidency, Bo. Da. TRIVIBANI,

"A. A. TAGLIAPIETRA.

"Venice, 14th February, 1860.

"Al Chiarissimo Signore
"Il Sigr. MORRIS MOORE."

The *Home News* gives an amusing and clever *pasquinade* which has been affixed to the well-known mutilated antique which serves the Romans as a medium for their wit and satire, and is now in general circulation:—

Morte a	Pio Nono
Vittorio Emanuele II.	Viva lungamente
Il suo governo e	Il regno più bello
Il più infame reame	E quello dei preti
La Dinastia di Savoia	Regnerà sempre in Italia
Muaja per sempre	Il governo Papale.

If each of these columns be read separately, they give a panegyric on the Papal Government, and a denunciation of Victor Emmanuel. If read across, the effect is the exact reverse.

THE GREAT EASTERN AND THE PARISH.—A rather curious charge has recently been made by the parish authorities of St. Nicholas, Deptford, on the Great Eastern. It appears that during the time she was lying in the Thames off Deptford, the chains in connection with her moorings were attached to fastenings in a piece of land or wharf situated in the above-named parish. The Company were in consequence considered by the parish authorities liable to be assessed with poor and other rates, and the parish assessed the Company accordingly. The amount claimed was

9l. 6s. 8d., and an order for payment was made on Monday last by Mr. Secker, the magistrate at the Greenwich Police Court, the Company having declined to pay the demand.

HIGHEST TIDE FOR A CENTURY.—M. Babinet, in the *Journal des Débats*, mentions that there will be a higher tide on the 8th March next, than has occurred in Europe during the last century. According to Halden's Liverpool Almanack, the highest tide for the present year will take place on Friday, the 9th March, when it will rise 21 feet 11 inches above the old dock sill; and the lowest of this year, which occurs on the following Friday, will rise only 10 feet 1 inch above the sill, making a difference in the depth of water at high tide, on the respective occasions, of no less than 11 feet 10 inches.

We have received a copy of a "new revised edition" of the popular novel entitled "A Life for a Life." It forms the ninth volume of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of cheap editions of popular modern works, a volume of which appears every two months.

Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co., announce for publication during the season, "The Life of Dr. Wolff," the celebrated Bokhara missionary, written by himself; "Miriam May," a romance of real life; and the long-expected novel, "Rotten Row."

THE FEEDING AND REARING OF INFANTS.—The paper that was read at the Hanover Square Rooms on Feb. 13th, "On the Comparative Properties of Human and Animal Milks," is now in the press, and will be published in the course of a few days by Churchill of New Burlington Street.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Paris, 29th February.

To the general surprise, this morning's *Moniteur* contained the Imperial decree, ratifying two lesser academical elections, (those of Messrs. Daru and Garuier at the Academy of "Moral and Political Science,") but still leaving unratiified as before the far more important election of Father Lacordaire. Some persons say this is to prevent any speeches being made before the end of this season; for if the ratification is thus suspended, no reception can take place. The pressing request of M. Rouland, the Minister of Public Instruction, is still that he may be allowed to address a *Report* to the Emperor, in which he shall prove the *Académie Française* to have erred in naming the celebrated Dominican—I mean erred against its own rules and regulations—but up to the present moment the Emperor has not agreed to this, though he still continues to withhold the ratification.

M. Guizot's *mot* upon the late election is repeated everywhere; it is this: Dupin, the President of the Court of Cassation, said to him the other day, "So you, you have voted for that 'frock' (*pour cette robe*)!" to which M. Guizot, looking him not very flatteringly in the face, and making an allusion to the red colour of the "gowns" of the Court of Cassation, replied:—"Why, I voted for the red gown, I don't see why I should not vote for the white one." (The Dominican "frock" is a white one.)

There is a very curious incident to be related about the ball at General F... 's the other night, which has been related to me by the person to whom it happened; it illustrates the perpetual state of suspicion in which people live here. Small cards or medals were distributed to the persons who were to enter the supper room at the same time with the Emperor and Empress, and on one being given to an acquaintance of mine by a very high placed personage, these words were uttered: "Mind! there is a password; for cards or medals similar to these may be fabricated, and thus dangerous individuals enter the supper-room: the password is '*fidèle à Comus*!'"

In the dramatic world *apropos* to "Comus," a representation destined to be an "event," has been a sort of failure: I mean the new opera of *Philémon et Baucis*, by M. Gonnod. In the first place it was in reality never destined to be an opera at all, but only a species of *Ode-Symphonie*,

or "Pagan Oratorio," as has been said of it here. Certain parts of it however, having become known to two embarrassed poets, who were roaming about the lyrical world "seeking whom they should devour," it was laid violent hands on, and transformed into a thorough-going opera. As such it has been presented to the public, and has very nearly, if not quite, failed. It is singular, that whatever is inherent to the piece as a whole, whatever holds to its plot or helps it on, leaves the audience utterly indifferent; whilst certain details that might be anywhere else to the full as well as where they are, achieve an unmistakable success (not sufficient nevertheless to prop up the performance, or keep up its recurrence on the play bills). It is universally admitted that all is charming in *Philémon et Baucis*, except what belongs to the personages who have to carry on the plot! This is a strange defect, and one, as you will recognise, not easy to get over. Still, it is probable that certain isolated parts of this opera may be often played as extracts in concerts and festivals, than almost anything Gonnod has ever composed. The introduction, for instance, which takes the place of an overture, is something perfectly lovely, and takes the public by surprise, fascinating it at once; and this, indeed, only makes the comparative failure of the rest more striking; for it was impossible, on the nights of the two first representations, to see an audience more favourably impressed than was the audience of the *Théâtre Lyrique*. The very first notes, and the whole orchestration throughout of the introduction, fascinated the public, and prepared it to be delighted with what was coming; yet what came disappointed it entirely.

The execution of *Philémon et Baucis* is really very near to perfection, and never did that wonderful woman, Mlle. Carvalho, prove herself a greater actress than in her part of Baucis. But the system she has adopted of always taxing her very small natural vocal means to the utmost is beginning to bear its fruits, and Mlle. Carvalho's voice is showing already signs of decay. One of the best critics here has said of her a thing that will last, and will stay by her:—*Elle est arrivée à discipliner le cri—mais elle crie!* ("She has imposed discipline on screaming, but she does scream.") This is not to be denied: Mlle. Carvalho, like all Dupray's pupils, does scream, because it is impossible she should avoid doing so. The illustrious ex-tenor's method of tuition is such an inconceivably prejudicial and absurd one, that mere human lungs and larynxes cannot support it; the voice is spoiled in every possible sense, worn out and exhausted by the time its possessor knows how to use it; the consequence is that when she does use it she soon finds it inadequate to stage purposes, and resorts to screaming as a resource (which it is not). It is the case now with Mlle. Carvalho as with others, only it is a greater pity that it should be so with her than with others, because she is so immeasurably a greater artist.

The reading world of Paris has been considerably perplexed and tormented by the appearance of an anonymous *nouvelle* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This little romance or tale came out so anonymously that there is not even so much as an asterisk to hang conjecture upon, and the consequence is, that people do nothing but conjecture and vary their conjectures every day. One day, they are quite convinced the authoress of *Madame de Marquay* (the title of the small production), is Madame P—, (the wife of a well-known Orleanist diplomat); the next day they opine for Mlle. Augustine Brohan, the famous actress of the *Français*; then, suddenly, they revert from the *monde* to the *demi monde*, and fix upon a notorious *Dame aux Camélias* as having introduced *Mme. de Marquay* to the periodical supreme. Another, they turn back again from the *demi monde* to the *monde*, and decide that the unknown is the Marquise de G * *. The persons who do not know the latter lady are ready to receive this notion, whilst, oddly enough, her intimates and "dear friends" cry out, and exclaim: "No! that is impossible, she never could do that!" Now the

best of all this is, that the tale in question is by no means worth the noise that is made about it, and the noise made about it is the result of its being anonymous. *Madame de Marçay* is a most ordinary production, about as immoral as most French tales of its kind, only less clever than the better sort. But the mystery hanging round it occupies people's minds, and gives it a success. All that is known respecting it (and that only to the initiated) is, that one fine day a lady, very good-looking, superbly dressed, and followed by a magnificent footman, came to the office of the director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, offering him a manuscript. He inquired for the writer's name. This was denied; he hesitated, but the lady's argument was a reasonable one: "It is mere fiction, therefore the law on signatures does not touch you, if you approve of it you do not need to know who wrote it—if you do not need to know who printed it." At last then the director consented; and knowing full well what an attraction the anonymous always has over French readers, published *Madame de Marçay*, and every salon in Paris was full of the discussions I mention. It is not alone the authorship which puzzles people here, it is the personality of the heroine likewise. It is a great question whether the authoress is herself *Madame de Marçay*, or whether the heroine is the portrait of some Parisian salon celebrity. One would think that no second thought need be wasted on the idea of the authoress having drawn her own portrait, if you reflect on the fact that in one passage it is registered that one of *Madame de Marçay's* nicknames was, "Susanna among the elders;" but so very singular is public appreciation here of what a woman may or may not like to be said of herself, that no one seems at all surprised at a lady consenting to chronicle her own self under the appellation I have alluded to.

A stouter fight is going on here between crinoline and no crinoline, than between the partisans of annexation and the non-annexationists of Tuscany, or the Romagna, or Nice. I apprehend crinoline will be a badge ere long, and its wearers or detractors will head their respective parties as did the *Bianchi* and *Neri* of middle-age Italy. It will not be told to the upholders of the one side to "stand to their guns!" but to "stand to their petticoats!" or to their "whalebones!" and they seem to be resolved to make the stand. The Imperialists who are "more Imperialists than the Emperor," stamp down crinoline, the stage upholds it *à outrance*; the pulpit condemns, but the court wavers, and society seeks for a compromise.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Tuesday, March 6th, at 3 o'clock: Professor Owen on "Fossil Reptiles."—Thursday, March 8, 3 o'clock: Professor Tyndall on "Light."—Friday, March 9, 8 o'clock. Professor Faraday on "The Illumination of Lighthouses, the Electric Light."—Saturday, March 10, 3 o'clock: Dr. Lancaster on "The Relation of the Animal Kingdom to the Industry of Man."

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, WHITEHALL YARD.—Monday, March 5th, 8 P.M.: Julius Jeffries, Esq. F.R.S., formerly Staff Surgeon of Cawnpore, and Civil Surgeon of Fettehgarh, on the "Proposed Improvements in the Clothing, Tents, Housing, &c. of British Troops in the Tropics."—Friday, March 9th, 3 P.M.: Capt. Fowke, R.E., on "Pontoon."

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON, SOMERSET HOUSE.—Thursday, March 8, 8 P.M.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Tuesday, March 6, at 8 P.M., continued discussion upon Mr. Longridge's paper "On the Construction of Artillery, and other Vessels, to resist great internal Pressure."

ROYAL SOCIETY.—March 8: Major-General Sabine, on the "Solar Diurnal Variation of the Magnetic Declination at Pekin."—J. Allan Brown: "The Bifilar Magnetometer, its Errors and Cor-

rections, with Results of Observations on the Horizontal Intensity of the Earth's Magnetism."

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—23rd Feb., Frederic Owry, Esq., Treasurer, in the Chair.—Mr. Woodward exhibited a rubbing of an incised slab at Saint Cross. Mr. Howard exhibited a silver ring with a merchant's mark found in Lincolnshire. Mr. Franks, Director, exhibited a tradesman's token issued by a relative of Samuel Pepys. Mr. Hart exhibited a parchment roll of the rental of the Manor of Kettyberston in the county of Suffolk, in the reign of Edward VI. The Director read Mr. Akerman's remarks "On the traces of Early Anglo-Saxon settlements in the upper valleys of the Thames; with an attempt to identify the Cealchythe of the Charters."

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Feb. 6th, 1860, J. W. Douglas, Esq., President, in the Chair.—J. Krafer, Esq., was elected, and M. Bigot, and Dr. E. Candere, proposed for admission as members. Mr. Saunders exhibited two fine *Orthoptera*, a *Phasma* from New South Wales, and a *Gryllus* from Peru, the latter insect in the pupa state; both species were completely covered with acute diverging spines. Mr. Stevens exhibited specimens of a species of *Coccyx*, allied to the *C. Strobilana* of Linnaeus, which he had recently bred from fir cones received from California. Mr. Waterhouse exhibited two examples of *Bembidion nigricornis*, of Gyllenhal, and read some notes on the distinguishing characters of this species. Mr. Janson exhibited the following species of *Coleoptera* not hitherto recorded as inhabitants of Britain, viz., *Quedius truncicola*, *Haploglossa rufipennis*, and *Cryptalus Fagi*, found near London, *Cryptalus Abietis* found by Rev. A. H. Matthews at Gumley, Leicestershire, and *Anthicus bimaculatus* from Pindleton, near Manchester; he also exhibited several species of rare occurrence in this country. Mr. Sealy exhibited a beautiful series of varieties of *Colias Edusa*, and a specimen of *Sphinx Pinastris* said to have been taken at Romsey, Hants, on a fir tree. Mr. Stevens exhibited examples of four fine species of *Lomaptera* sent from the Moluccas by Mr. A. R. Wallace, and read some notes on the sexual differences in the genus, by Mr. Wallace. Mr. Stainton read some descriptions of South African *Tineina* found by R. Trimen, Esq., in 1858-9. Mr. Gloyne read a paper on undescribed species of *Lerna*, and allied genera.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—The interest of the Friday evening meetings has been well sustained during the present season. On the 3rd Feb., Mr. Frederick Field gave a lecture on the Mineral Resources of the Andes, chiefly occupied with a description of its copper and silver ores. On the 10th Feb., Professor Huxley took up the subject of the Origin of Species and Races, before a very distinguished audience, anxious to hear what he says in exposition of Mr. Darwin's views, which it was understood he had espoused. After preliminary remarks, in which he deprecated judging that theory upon other than scientific grounds, he passed to the species Horse, of which he gave a morphological description, tracing its affinity with the Hyrax, Tapir, and Rhinoceros: geologically, he traced it back to the Pliocene formation, and perhaps earlier. In the Miocene of Germany it was replaced by the Hippotherium, with the two rudimentary toes in each foot developed though small. The Eocene rocks contained neither Horse, nor Rhinoceros, Tapir or Hyrax, but the Palaeotherium, which had points of resemblance with each of the four existing genera; but there was no evidence for regarding the Palaeotherium as a more generalised type. Passing to the geographical distribution of horses, he remarked on their having existed in South America at an ancient period, as proved by fossils, although they had died out before that country was visited by the Spaniards. From the changes and affinities noticed in horses he passed to pigeons, adducing the re-

markable differences between carriers, pouters, fantails, and tumblers, all of which he agreed with Mr. Darwin in considering as varieties of the rock pigeon, or *Columba livia*. From these and other facts he came to the conclusion that every species tends to vary, and that variations may, become hereditary; but that the variations were by no means adaptations to external conditions in the way usually understood. It was proved that various breeds of animals exhibited differences of form similar to those which distinguish species, but he admitted the want of proof that by "selection," modifications losing the physiological character of species, (i.e. whose offspring are incapable of propagation *inter se*), have ever been produced from a common stock. He was prepared for the logical consequences of Darwin's theory as applied to man, and complained that human vanity led to a foolish contempt for the material world. The anatomical difference between a man and the highest monkey was less than that of the extreme types of the monkey family, and man himself passed through stages corresponding with those of the lower animals. The lecturer concluded with an eloquent exhortation to follow truth.

On the 17th February, Professor Grace Calvert lectured on the Influence of Science on Calico Printing, in which he traced the improvements which have taken place in cylinder-printing, bleaching, and dying cotton goods. Pieces with 16 colours and shades, which formerly cost 30s. to 35s. a piece, were now produced for 5s. or 6s.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, Feb. 21st, Sir John Boileau, Bart., M.P., in the chair. Frederick Bigg, F. Ferguson Caneroux, Francis Galton, P. H. Holland, and Walter Joseph West, Esqrs. were elected Fellows of the Society. M. Levasseur, and M. J. E. Horn of Paris, were nominated, on the recommendation of the council, as Foreign Honorary Members.

Mr. Frederik Hendriks read a paper entitled, "A Review of the Statistics of Spain down to the years 1857 and 1858." The author observed, that up to a recent period statistical science had been much neglected in Spain; and it was not until a few years ago, when a statistical commission was established by the Spanish Government, that anything like progress had been made. Several censuses, however, had been taken at various periods. As early as the 14th century Peter the Ceremonious, king of Arragon, had made a census of his kingdom; and in the 15th century an enumeration of the people was made in Castile. In 1787 and 1797, general censuses of Spain were taken; but it was not until May 1857 that a reliable, well-digested, and scientific enumeration of the people had taken place. Taking the census of 1594 as a starting point, Mr. Hendriks gave the following as the results of the estimates from that time down to 1857, viz.:—1594, 8,207,000; 1768-9, 9,160,000; 1787, 10,268,000; 1797, 10,541,000; 1833, 12,287,000; 1846, 12,163,000; 1850, 10,942,000; 1857, 15,464,000. The superficial extent of Spain, in English square miles, is 195,782, which gives a proportion of 78,988 inhabitants to each square mile. Spain is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ times larger than Great Britain and Ireland together, but its population is about one-half smaller. The most densely peopled province in Spain was 4th less peopled than the average population of England. The number of males in the population was 7,671,000; the number of females, 7,793,000. There are only four towns in Spain with population exceeding 100,000. These are Madrid, with 281,170; Barcelona, with 183,787; Seville, with 112,529; and Valencia, with 106,435 inhabitants. The proportion of the sexes in Spain is 102 females to 100 males; in England and Wales, it is 104 to 100; and in Scotland, 110 to 100. The married persons are 36 in every 100 of population in Spain; in Great Britain they are 33 in every 100. A radical defect in Spanish population statistics, is the entire absence of every record of the births, deaths, and marriages. Mr.

Hendriks believed that materials for such a record are in existence, but are at present entirely in the hands of the religious authorities. Proceeding to the subject of agricultural statistics, the writer gave the following interesting particulars. The extent of land under cultivation was equal to 67,484,000 English acres, or 54·2 per cent. of the whole kingdom. The uncultivated land in Spain is 438 per cent. of the whole area; in Ireland it is 23·3 per cent. The land under tillage in Spain is 26·6 per cent.; in Ireland it is 29·2 per cent. The grass lands in Spain are 14 per cent. of the whole; in Ireland they are 46. Woods, copse, gardens, &c. occupy 9 per cent. of the whole area of Spain; in Ireland they occupy 1·5 per cent. The remainder of the Spanish cultivated area is composed of 2·8 per cent. of vineyards, and 1·8 per cent. of olive grounds. In 1857 the acreage (English) devoted to vine culture was 3,500,000; in France in the same year it was 5,387,000 acres. The value of the wine exported from the two countries in 1857, was from Spain 4,600,000*l.*; from France about 6,000,000*l.* The total number of live stock and cattle in Spain in 1858, was 20,104,000. Of these 13,795,000 were sheep; 2,734,000 goats; 1,381,000 cattle; 1,018,000 swine; and the remainder consisted of asses (492,000), mules (416,000), and horses (268,000). The total number of houses and buildings in Spain, was 2,660,000. In 1768–9 the number of priests in Spain was 209,988, in 1787 the number was reduced to 181,295, and in 1858, to 43,000. In other words, the proportion of clergy to the population was in 1768–9, 1 in 43; in 1787, 1 in 46; and in 1858, 1 in 275. The number of bulls and indulgences granted to Spaniards in 1857, were no less than 4,378,108, at a cost to the recipients of 162,000*l.*, viz. 132,000*l.* for bulls and licences, and 30,000*l.* for indulgences. Of the total number of bulls and indulgences, 4,000,000 were “for the living,” 277,000 for the dead, and 11,000 were “compositions.” Mr. Hendriks was unable to give a tariff of the charges for the religious dispensations, but he believed that the price of an indulgence, which would permit a person to eat flesh on a Friday, was about 6*d.* In the year 1816, the monks were removed from their monasteries, and the Spanish Government took possession of ecclesiastical property valued at 20,000,000*l.* In lieu of this, the Government granted a so-called “compensation,” which does not exceed more than 1*l.* to 1*l.* a year a head. There are 10 banks in Spain, with a nominal capital of 1,280,000*l.*, of which the bank of Spain has 1,200,000*l.* The number of shares is 152,500. Spain has 524 English miles of Railway now at work; 88 miles in progress and partly at work; 422 miles in progress, but not yet at work; 893 miles completed; and 1,580 miles of authorised lines, making altogether 3,507 miles, at an estimated cost of 39,000,000*l.*, or 11,160*l.* per English mile. There are also 10,184 miles of roads, completed or in course of construction, and 431 miles of navigable canals. The telegraphic lines in operation are 3,933 miles in length. The military statistics of Spain show that in 1828 her army consisted of 65,336 men; in 1838, of 231,331 men; in 1848, of 147,929 men; and in 1858, of 117,616 men. The expenditure on the army at the same dates, was in 1828, 900,000*l.*; in 1838, 2,288,000*l.*; in 1848, 1,884,000*l.*; and in 1858, 1,772,000*l.* The Government has also received a credit of 7,881,000*l.*, to be expended on fortifications. The number of vessels in the Spanish navy in 1859 was 97, with 942 guns, of which 43 were steam vessels, with a collective horse power of 9,760. But in addition to this, the Government propose to enter upon a project called the National Spanish Armada, which will entail an expenditure of upwards of 8,000,000*l.* The commercial statistics showed that the imports of Spain had doubled, and the exports trebled in a period of seven years. An animated discussion followed the reading of the paper, in which Colonel Sykes, M.P., Mr. Tarrt, Mr. Newmarch, Mr. Finch, and the Chairman took part, and the meeting adjourned.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A special General Meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday, February 28th, at the house of the Society of Arts, for the purpose of electing various candidates who had been proposed for the Fellowship, the Earl of Ducie, V.P., in the chair, when some fifty ladies and gentlemen were elected Fellows. The Chairman announced that the next Meeting for the election of Fellows would be held on Tuesday, 27 March, 1860.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Professor Tyndall ON THE INFLUENCE OF MAGNETIC FORCE ON THE ELECTRIC DISCHARGE. We have already laid before our readers an abstract of the important lecture delivered by Professor Tyndall at the Royal Institution on the 20th of January, we now print it *in extenso*. The intention of the speaker was to bring before the meeting a series of experiments illustrative of the constitution of the electric discharge and of the action of magnetism upon it. The substance of the discourse was derived from the researches of various philosophers, its form being regulated to suit the requirements of the audience. 1. The influence of the transport of particles was first shown by an experiment suggested, it was believed, by Sir John Herschel, and performed by Professor Daniell. The carbon terminals of a battery of 40 cells of Grove were brought within one-eighth of an inch of each other, and the spark from a Leyden jar was sent across this space. This spark bridged with carbon particles the gap which had previously existed in the circuit, and the brilliant electric light due to the passage of the battery current was immediately displayed. 2. The magnified image of the coal points of an electric lamp was projected upon a white screen, and the distance to which they could be drawn apart without interrupting the current was noted. A button of pure silver was then introduced in place of the positive carbon, a luminous discharge four or five times the length of the former being thus obtained. The silver was first observed to glow, and afterwards to pass into a state of violent ebullition. A narrow dark space was observed to surround one of the poles, corresponding probably with the dark space observed in the discharge of Ruhmkorff's coil through rarefied media.* 3. The action of a magnet upon the splendid stream of green light obtained in the foregoing experiment was exhibited. A small horseshoe magnet of Logemann was caused to approach the light, which was bent hither and thither, according as the poles of the magnet changed their position: the discharge in some cases formed a magnificent green bow, which on the further approach of the magnet was torn asunder, and the passage of the current thereby interrupted. It was Davy who first showed the action of a magnet upon the voltaic arc. The transport of matter by the current was further illustrated by a series of deposits on glass obtained by Mr. Gassiot from the continued discharge of an induction coil. 4. A discharge from Ruhmkorff's coil was sent through an attenuated medium; and the glow, which surrounded the negative electrode was referred to. One of the most remarkable effects hitherto observed was that of a magnet upon this negative light. Plücker had shown that it arranges itself under the influence of the magnet exactly in the direction of the magnetic curves. Iron filings strewn in space, and withdrawn from the action of gravity, would arrange themselves around a magnet exactly in the manner of the negative light. An electric lamp was placed upon its back; a horseshoe magnet was placed horizontally over its lens, and on the magnet a plate of glass: a mirror inclined at an angle of 45° received the beam from the lamp, and projected it upon the screen. Iron filings were scattered on the glass, and the magnetic curves thus illuminated were magnified, and brought to clear de-

finition upon the screen. The negative light above referred to arranges itself, according to Plücker, in a similar manner. 5. The rotation of an electric current round the pole of a magnet, discovered by Mr. Faraday in the Royal Institution, nearly forty years ago, was next shown; and the rotation of a luminous current from an induction coil in an exhausted receiver by the same magnet was also exhibited, and both shown to obey the same laws. 6. Into a circuit of 20 cells a large coil of copper wire was introduced, and when the current was interrupted, a bright spark, due to the passage of the extra current, was obtained. The brightness and loudness of the spark were augmented when a core of soft iron was placed within the coil. The disruption of the current took place between the poles of an electro-magnet; and when the latter was excited, an extraordinary augmentation of the loudness of the spark was noticed. This effect was first obtained by Page, and was for a time thought to denote a new property of the electric current. But Rijke had shown in a paper, the interest of which is by no means lessened by the modesty with which it is written, that the effect observed by Page is due to the sudden extinction of the primary spark by the magnet; which suddenness concentrates the entire force of the extra current into a moment of time. Speaking figuratively, it was the concentration of what, under ordinary circumstances, is a mere push, into a sudden kick of projectile energy. 7. The contact-breaker of an induction coil was removed, and a current from five cells was sent through the primary wire. The terminals of the secondary wire being brought very close to each other, when the primary was broken by the hand, a minute spark passed between the terminals of the secondary. When the disruption of the primary was effected between the poles of an excited electro-magnet, the small spark was greatly augmented in brilliancy. The terminals were next drawn nearly an inch apart. When the primary was broken between the excited magnetic poles, the spark, from the secondary jumped across this interval, whereas it was incompetent to cross one-fourth of the space when the magnet was not excited. This result was also obtained by Rijke; who rightly showed, that in this case also the augmented energy of the secondary current was due to the augmented speed of extinction of the primary spark between the excited poles. This experiment illustrated in a most forcible manner the important influence which the mode of breaking contact may have upon the efficacy of an induction coil. The splendid effects obtained from the discharge of Ruhmkorff's coil through exhausted tubes were next referred to. The presence of the coil had complicated the theoretic views of philosophers, with regard to the origin of those effects; the intermittent action of the contact-breaker, the primary and secondary currents, and their mutual reactions, producing tertiary and other currents of a higher order, had been more or less invoked by theorists, to account for the effects observed. Mr. Gassiot was the first to urge, with a water battery of 3500 cells, a voltaic spark across a space of air, before bringing the electrodes into contact; with the self-same battery he had obtained discharges through exhausted tubes, which exhibited all the phenomena hitherto observed with the induction coil. He thus swept away a host of unnecessary complications which had entered into the speculations of theorists upon this subject. 8. On the present occasion, through the kindness of Mr. Gassiot, the speaker was enabled to illustrate the subject by means of a battery of 400 of Grove's cells. The tension at the ends of the battery was first shown by an ordinary gold-leaf electroscope; one end of the battery being insulated, a wire from the other end was connected with the electroscope; the leaves diverged; on now connecting the other end of the battery with the earth, the tension of the end connected with the electroscope rose, according to a well-known law, and the divergence was greatly augmented. 9. A large receiver (selected from Mr. Gassiot's fine collection), in which a vacuum had been obtained

* Mr. Faraday noticed this dark stripe while the speaker was making his preparatory experiments.

by filling it with carbonic acid gas, exhausting it, and permitting the residue to be absorbed by caustic potash, was placed equatorially between the poles of the large electro-magnet. The jar was about six inches wide, and the distance between its electrodes was ten inches. The negative electrode consisted of a copper disk, four inches in diameter, the positive one was a brass wire. On the 16th of this month an accident occurred to this jar. Mr. Faraday, Mr. Gassiot, and the speaker had been observing the discharge of the nitric acid battery through it. Stratified discharges passed when the ends of the battery were connected with the electrodes of the receiver; and on one occasion the discharge exhibited an extraordinary effulgence; the positive wire emitted light of dazzling brightness, and finally gave evidence of fusion. On interrupting the circuit, the positive wire was found to be shortened about half an inch, its metal having been scattered by the discharge over the interior surface of the tube. 10. The receiver in this condition was placed before the audience in the position mentioned above. When the ends of the 400-cell battery were connected with the wires of the receiver, no discharge passed; but on touching momentarily with the finger any portion of the wire between the positive electrode of the receiver and the positive pole of the battery, a brilliant discharge instantly passed, and continued as long as the connection with the battery was maintained. This experiment was several times repeated: the connection with the ends of the battery was not sufficient to produce the discharge, but in all cases the touching of the positive wire caused the discharge to flash through the receiver. Previous to the fusion of the wire above referred to, this discharge usually exhibited fine stratification: its general character now was that of a steady glow, through which, however, intermittent luminous gushes took place, each of which presented the stratified appearance. 11. On exciting the magnet between whose poles the receiver was placed, the steady glow curved up or down according to the polarity of the magnet, and resolved itself into a series of effulgent transverse bars of light. These appeared to travel from the positive wire along the surface of the jar. The deflected luminous current was finally extinguished by the action of the magnet. 12. When the circuit of the magnet was made and immediately interrupted, the appearance of the discharge was extremely singular. At first the strata rushed from the positive electrode along the upper surface of the jar, then stopped, and appeared to return upon their former track, and pass successively with a deliberate motion into the positive electrode. They were perfectly detached from each other; and their successive engulphments at the positive electrode were so slow as to be capable of being counted aloud with the greatest ease. This deliberate retreat of the strata towards the positive pole was due, no doubt, to the gradual subsidence of the power of the magnet. Artificial means might probably be devised to render the recession of the discharge still slower. The rise of power in the magnet was also beautifully indicated by the deportment of the current. After the current had been once quenched, as long as the magnet remained excited, no discharge passed; but on breaking the magnet circuit, the luminous glow reappeared. Not only then is there an action of the magnet upon the particles transported by an electric current, but the above experiment indicates that there is an action of the magnet upon the electrodes themselves, which actually prevents the escape of their particles. The influence of the magnet upon the electrode would thus appear to be prior to the passage of the current. 13. The discharge of the battery was finally sent through a tube, whose platinum wires were terminated by two small balls of carbon: a glow was first produced; but on heating a portion of the tube containing a stick of caustic potash, the positive ball sent out a luminous protrusion, which subsequently detached itself from the ball; the tube becoming instantly afterwards filled with the most brilliant strata. There can be no doubt that the

superior effulgence of the bands obtained with this tube is due to the character of its electrodes: the bands are the transported matter of these electrodes. May not this be the case with other electrodes? There appears to be no uniform flow in nature; we cannot get either air or water through an orifice in a uniform stream; the friction against the orifice is overcome by starts, and the jet issues in pulsations. Let a lighted candle be quickly passed through the air; the flame will break itself into a beaded line in virtue of a similar intermittent action, and it may be made to sing, so regular are the pulses produced by its passage. Analogy might lead us to suppose that the electricity overcomes the resistance at the surface of its electrode in a similar manner, escaping from it in tremors; the matter which it carries along with it being broken up into a strata, as liquid vein is broken into drops.

THE CAUSES OF COLD ON HIGH MOUNTAINS.

—The February number of the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique* contains an interesting paper by M. Martins on the above subject. He treats first of the action of solar rays, and the absorption of their heat by the atmosphere in proportions varying with its density. In consequence of the greater rarefaction of air on mountains it stops less of the solar heat, and hence in clear weather the sun's rays exert a greater heating power upon the earth than they do at a lower level. Repeating with better instruments some experiments of Saussure he came to the same conclusion, and asserts that the solar heating power is greater on a mountain than in the valley, although the temperature of the air was 22° lower. The difference was, however, only slight, amounting only to a fraction of a degree (centigrade). He remarks that if this difference appears small to some readers, they will at least admit that the solar rays have equal power on mountain tops as in the valleys beneath. The results of a series of observations on the temperature of the soil on mountains lead to the conclusion that its mean temperature was greater than that of the air; while at Brussels and other low situations the mean temperature of the air was a little higher than that of the earth. He found that this warming of the earth on mountains was not confined to the summer, but that between the 21st September and 1st October it was even greater. This relative heating of the earth on mountains exercises an important influence on Alpine vegetation; and likewise drives the permanent snow-line to a higher region. But although the soil of mountains is warmed as well as that of the plains, the air is much colder, and the nocturnal radiation much greater, so much so as to constitute a proof that the earth must receive more warmth during the day or its temperature would fall lower than is observed. M. Martins remarks that on a plain the earth is only in contact with the lower stratum of the atmosphere, while an isolated peak like the Faulhorn is plunged into the aerial sea, and radiates, not only towards the zenith, but in every direction, and the process is favoured by the rarefaction of the air. When mountains are covered with snow their radiation is still more considerable, especially at altitudes at which it never melts, and where it remains as a fine powder or dust. Flocculent snow does not exhibit this great radiating power. Another cause of the cooling of the earth and air on mountains is the great evaporation which takes place, and which, other things being equal, is more active than in the plains. Another cause is the dilatation of ascending currents owing to the diminution of atmospheric pressure; a subject upon which M. Martins made numerous experiments of which he tabulates the results, and in which he imitated, as far as possible, natural conditions. Passing from the question of thermometrical cold, M. Martins considers the reasons of the sensation of cold experienced by travellers. Among these he reckons the agitation of the air, which he says is never quiet on isolated peaks. He likewise notices the effect of walking through the intensely cold, deep,

powdery snow, and the deficient supply of oxygen, through breathing rarefied air.

Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines. Part V. (Longmans.) The March contribution to the new edition of this great work concludes the article on coal gas, and gets as far as cyder and cymophane. The first article will be read with great interest now that questions of gas manufacture and illumination, attract so much general and parliamentary attention. The information on the methods of testing the illuminating power of gas is very opportune and valuable, and leads to the conclusion that we still want a simple and correct process. The writer describes the photometric and chemical methods at present in use, and gives a preference to the latter, which may possibly deserve it, but nevertheless appears to us incomplete. The old plan of comparing shadows and assuming equality of illuminating power when they are produced of equal density by equidistant lights is shown not to give accurate results in consequence of the shadow of gas light being blueish brown, and that of the sperm candles, which form the usual standard of comparison, a yellow brown. Bunsen's photometer is then described, but affirmed, even in the hands of a practised operator, not to give results with smaller errors than 5 per cent. In this ingenious instrument the comparison is not of shadows but of lights. A piece of paper is rendered transparent with solution of spermaceti in turpentine, except one spot in the middle, which is left in its usual state. The paper thus prepared is placed between the two lights to be tested, and moved nearer one or the other until the centre spot appears equally bright when viewed from either side. If one side is more strongly illuminated than the other, the spot will be more opaque on the least illuminated side. The apparatus is so constructed that the distances at which equal effects are produced can be accurately measured. The chemical method consists in an analysis of the gas, which Dr. Frankland and Mr. Ward have facilitated by an ingenious apparatus, and the light is assumed to be in proportion to the quantity of the light-giving elements it contains. We cannot imagine that this process can give more than approximate results, as the light given by the lumeniferous hydrocarbons must be affected in different degrees according to the nature and proportion of the deteriorating ingredients with which it is mixed. The information on gas making is well condensed, but we are surprised that no other agent but lime is mentioned as a purifier, and that the only meters mentioned are those in which water is employed. After coal gas the principal articles are on cobalt, coke, copper, and cotton manufacture.

The Elements of Geometry simplified and explained. By W. D. Cooley, A.B. (Williams & Norgate.) This is an attempt to reduce the first six books of Euclid into thirty-six propositions, so arranged as to form a popular introduction to geometry. To judge such a work thoroughly, it would be necessary to go carefully through each demonstration, and when satisfied of its accuracy and just position in the system, to test its adaptability to educational purposes by actual experiments in teaching. We candidly confess we have not done this, and therefore our opinion must be expressed with reservation. In some respects we think the task well performed, but we have doubts whether young pupils would find it easy to follow all the proofs, and we demur to the logic of some of the definitions and their accompanying explanations. Thus we cannot admit that the "essential singleness of a point precludes the possibility of its being divisible, and consequently also of its having appreciable magnitude." There is as much "singleness" in a potato as in a point, and yet it can be divided, and has appreciable magnitude. Again, the minutest forms visible to the microscope are "single," and yet their magnitudes can scarcely be called appreciable, as they elude our efforts at measurement. Moreover the statement that a point has not an appreciable magnitude is equivalent to affirming that it

has some kind of magnitude, which the writer does not mean. In another passage "crookedness" is said to be an "irregularity," whereas every body knows that a thing may be bent into a hook or a crook without any irregularity at all. The following does not seem anything like simple enough for junior school teaching:—"Alternation or permutation of ratio is the comparison of the homologous terms of an analogy or of antecedent to antecedent, or of consequent to consequent." We imagine little boys and girls would open their eyes very wide at such prodigious phrases.

Transactions of the Nova Scotia Literary and Scientific Society.—We congratulate Nova Scotia upon the early formation of the above society, and the appearance of its first "transactions." The papers are by Dr. Cogswell on the kind of education best suited for Nova Scotia, which he recommends should have special reference to the capacities of the colony for fishing and other practical pursuits; by the Rev. David Honeyman, on the Fossiliferous Rocks of Arisaig, which belong to the Silurian system; and by Professor How, who describes three new minerals found in the trap of the Bay of Fundy—Cyanolite, Centallasite, and Cerinite—which are associated together and appear to be hydrated silicates of lime, magnesia, &c. The Professor gives detailed analyses. There is likewise an abstract of a paper by Mr. Poole, on the establishment of a Museum of Practical Geology. This manifestation of intellectual energy is highly creditable, and cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence upon the development of the colony, the climate of which is described by Dr. Cogswell, who says that the thermometer never descends so low as at Boston and New York, while much of the soil is extremely good, and the fisheries prolific.

The Piccadilly Papers, No. 1. (Robert Hardwick.)—The first of this new series of papers on the questions of the day, is on the great increase of public expenditure. The writer does not give us any novel facts or arguments, but usefully criticises the expenditure of the Admiralty, and supports the notion of a Finance Committee, with which we agree.

A Glass of Good Wine from the Vineyards of South Africa. (Adams & Hughes.) This pamphlet shows the extension of the wine trade of South Africa, which will not be diminished in importance by the reduction of duties proposed by Mr. Gladstone. It is already a great advantage to a large part of our population that through this trade they are enabled to get wholesome agreeable wines at a very low price, instead of the adulterated rubbish which used to be the only thing sold cheap. Whoever has selected these South African wines with judgment, must have come to the conclusion that they deserve every encouragement. They have already reached a considerable degree of perfection, and there is every reason to believe that they will go on improving and take their place among the favourite and most valuable luxuries of the people. We attach great social importance to the popularisation of wholesome wine, as we believe it will materially check the practice of totting in a public house, and add to the refinement and comfort of an economically managed home.

FINE ARTS.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

The Royal Academy Turner Medal, designed by D. MacIse, R.A., from drawings made by him when a student in the Life School; engraved by Leonard C. Wyon, of Her Majesty's Mint. Size, two inches and one-eighth. The obverse presents a profile portrait of the great painter, which those who knew him recognise as Turner, seen under the most favourable aspect. Inscription:

"Joseph Mallord William Turner, R.A."

"Nat. 1775. Ob. 1851."

"D. MacIse, R.A., Des."

"L. C. Wyon, Fec."

The reverse seems to symbolise Turner's powers, and more particularly two qualities that he possessed in a larger degree than any painter who has ever lived, colour and aerial perspective. In the foreground the youthful artist is represented stretched on the ground. He is looking up at "The Bow in the Cloud," on which recline three lovely females. Combined, the figures form what in architecture is termed "a reversed arch," the perfection of security. The projecting figure of the student creates a lengthened perspective across a sea, at whose extremity the setting sun is dipping. The edge of the ocean is studded with splendid buildings, and closed by lofty receding mountains.

This medal, which has just been issued by the Royal Academy, in honour of the genius and munificence of its late member, Joseph Mallord William Turner, will be hailed with sincere delight by every one who has a love for noble art. To the artist it will be particularly welcome, for, passing over its rare intrinsic beauty, it associates in a happy way three illustrious names, all unequalled in their several provinces. Forgetting, however, the fame of the artists who have executed it, and considering what was intended to be expressed, and how it has been done, it is impossible to feel any sentiment but admiration. Turner, the man, was to be placed before us; and also a good idea of what he did; and this in the stubborn material of a two-inch bronze medal. No one can form an estimate of how this difficult but honourable commission has been performed unless, from every authentic source, a familiar idea of Turner's character has been obtained, and his works have been studied so closely that the spirit or essential type of them has assumed some definite shape in the mind. With such information, look at this medal and see it all pithily expressed. The man is there indeed. The bountiful intelligence penetrating all Nature's mysteries, and seizing at a glance the relations of things; the far-seeing gaze that missed nothing from the spots on a gnat's wing to the farthest roll of cirrus in heaven's blue; the determination that quailed at no difficulty; the serious, grim, half-scornful mouth, contemptuous of all formulas but those of his revered mother, Nature; and withal, the large kindly sympathies of the man, are all clearly marked in this marvellous portrait. We almost forget on looking at it that it is in metal, and are at a loss to conceive how such lifelike delicacy and force have been obtained.

In the portrait, we have the man before us, as he might have been walking the halls of the Royal Academy, with the accumulated knowledge of a busy life lending a quiet seriousness to his face. In the reverse, he is a youngster, light-hearted and enthusiastic, away among the hills sketching, his hair tossed back by the summer wind. Who is not familiar with the work he accomplished in these ramblings? Who has not thought himself young again, happy and strong, as after a weary walk through dingy streets and motley crowds, he has stood before one of this master's jottings from Nature, in the Vernon Gallery? Here was no puny effort, no bungling, no hesitation, but all fresh, bright, and sunny; so masterly as to conceal art, and every part as affluent in rich detail as Nature herself. For Turner's art is characterised by the utmost truth to Nature, in all her thousand manifestations. Whatever he did was founded on certain knowledge and unceasing observation. But so constituted was his mind, that whilst he neglected not to give the proper number of fibres to a leaf, or copy the hundred ever-changing hues on a salmon's back, he allowed no accidental freak of Nature to escape him, and those momentary flashes of beauty, which every one sometime sees, but never sees again, he had the power of remembering and fixing on his canvas. His works abound in beautiful effects of light and colour, accounted strange by those to whom they are unfamiliar in Nature, but delightful to those who are attentive to what is taking place around them every day and hour, in the sky and on the hills, and green meadows. Light and colour were his

favourite studies; but these, only, when he had by years of toil made himself master of all the aspects of Nature's grosser forms. Mists and vapours, with all their varied changes through cloud-land; light playing on the horizon, at sunrise or sunset; scorching at broad noontide; spread across the heavens, or striking through foam in iris arches; these, and other lovely effects he has depicted as no man ever did before, as no man may hope to do again. Many years spent in a southern clime enabled him to perfect himself in his special likings.

The reverse suggests all this, and whatever else is peculiar to Turner's artist-life. A Student is seated on a bank sketching from Nature. His figure has all the ease and abandonment peculiar to his youth and occupation; a brush is in his right hand, in his left a palette spread with colours, with which he has been tinting the picture leaning against his knee. The bank on which he rests is covered with rich and intricate foliage, abundant in varied beauty and delicacy of form. The student's picture must be one of bright colour and sunshine, for he pauses in his work, and leaning backwards, watches with eager gaze the rainbow in the heavens, the divine source, and for ever afterwards the glorious type, of this student's works. The rainbow pours its wealth of colour through his soul, on to his picture. And nobly has this been expressed. Three figures, personifying light's trinity,—yellow, red, and blue—float over him, aerial and heaven-born. They gracefully lean in easy attitudes, on the golden rays that shoot from the chariot of Apollo. Their eyes, by exquisite skill in the designer, and marvellously reproduced by the engraver, look downwards, and centre on the student's face, which glows with their kindly inspiration.

Three figures modelled in beauty are here seen breathing in bronze, spirit-like and buoyant, as if traced by the pencil of Angelico! Seemingly incredible, but true. In all there is an indication of reserved power, which forces us to admire the judgment, that could stop, when what was absolutely needful was obtained. There is no parade of anatomy; but what there is, is beautiful and truthful. The details, though elaborate, are all needful to the subject. Passing over the obvious meaning of the academy, in the distance, we are reminded of the secret of Turner's success, by the botanical accuracy of the leaves and branches, and obtain a hint of his southern wanderings, in the lizard that crawls amongst the foliage to the left. We have a faithful biography of William Turner the more captivating, as we observe how the artist biographer has avoided all unnecessary exhibition of his known power, and aimed only at making himself the faithful interpreter of the world's greatest landscape painter.

Here too we have a gratifying proof of that decided superiority which the English school of medal engraving maintains over those of the continent. No living engraver whose works have reached England, from Paris, Brussels, Munich, Berlin, or Rome, could execute a bust, still less a reverse, such as the Turner medal presents. Under the First Napoleon, the French engravers most justly looked down on all Europe, until Thomas Wyon's Manchester Pitt Medal in 1813, with thirteen figures on the reverse, raised England to at least the height of Galle, Andrien, and Dros's finest works. That elevation has continued increasing; while to the deep regret of every lover of the Fine Arts, continental engraving has gradually sunk. Louis Philippe's engravers rioted in gigantic, miserable imbecilities. And at present, the Paris Mint delights only in reverse inscriptions; while their busts of the Emperor must incline him to exclaim, "Oh save me from my friends!" The only fine portraits of Napoleon the Third and his Empress are by an English engraver, on the London Medal, published by Messrs. Hunt & Roskell. Parisians have freely acknowledged this on seeing it.

In this union of MacIse's design and Wyon's engraving the painter will have to thank the engraver for a record of his powers when the canvas, on which his finest paintings now rest,

will have crumbled to dust. The painter who promised Napoleon the First the immortality of his canvas, when questioned as to the years he was giving, said proudly, "possibly six hundred." But if you look to a few only of the melancholy statements by Dr. Waagen of the drawbacks on almost all the pictures he describes, "damaged," "spoiled by cleaning," "the paint begins to fall off," "painted over," "very dirty," "shadows become black," &c., you rarely find a painting, perfect, half "six hundred years." Apelles was "the King's Portrait Painter" to Alexander the Great, "who issued an edict that he permitted Apelles only to take his portrait; persuaded, says Cicero, that the glory of so great a painter would transmit his own to posterity." Alexander died 324 B.C., and history is silent as to the immortality of his portraits by Apelles. But see the durability of coins and medals. A friend travelling in Syria about four years ago came upon a hoard of about 50 gold coins of Alexander the Great, and his father, Philip of Macedon, which had just been dug up; he bought the whole lot, and four of them are now before me, exquisite in workmanship, and with all the gloss of a sovereign coined yesterday. Relying on the immortality which Apelles was to give him, Alexander probably thought little of that record which his engraver has perpetuated to our days—a duration of 1844 years, which may yet amount to double that period. The British Museum, among its Syracusan Medallions, has one as perfect in condition as if fresh from the die, and admirably well struck: the bust of a goddess, (conjecture differs in her appropriation,) quite Egyptian, which from the form of some of its letters cannot have been struck later than 400 years B.C., and may be much earlier. On another in the British Museum, equally fine, when the workmanship had attained its highest excellency, about 250 years B.C., the name of the engraver "*Kimón*," is on the dolphin, floating below the bust. And I have a smaller Syracusan coin, with the engraver's name, "*Euclides*," in the field of the coin.

FINE ART GOSSIP.—It is well known among archaeologists that Mr. Fergusson, the author of the new standard *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*, cherishes a hobby of more than ordinary magnitude, as to the true Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Keeping a whole stud of hobbies ourselves, we have a tolerance, not to say sympathy for brother equestrians of the same class. On Wednesday evening accordingly we stepped down to the Architectural Photographic, determined to swell the very limited audience which we foresaw would gather to hear what Mr. Fergusson had to say for himself and his theory *apropos* of the Photographs of Jerusalem. We had anticipated he would be interesting, if not wholly convincing; and were not disappointed, except perhaps by the brevity of his remarks. He told us of his travels over India many years since, especially to study Mahomedan and Indian architecture. During his studies (which made him, we may add, master of the subject as no other man has ever been) one Mahomedan building he heard of as ever puzzling him. This was the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem. For it was clear to him that it was no mosque. A mosque is simply any object, a wall or what not, so placed as that, in praying before it, the faithful muslimman kneels towards Mecca. Mosques in time became enclosed places, where worshippers might pray unmolested. But the Mosque of Omar is so constructed, with four doors, one to each point of the compass, that the worshipper wherever placed would be liable to interruption. Mr. Fergusson has never been to Jerusalem; but some thirteen years ago he fell in with a series of careful drawings of the Mosque of Omar—the interior; and perceived at once that this mosque was a Christian building of the age of Constantine, though much altered; gradually the conviction grew that *this* was the church built by Constantine over the Holy Sepulchre. It is the architecture of his time. It is in the centre

of the city. It is built on the living rock. It has a sacred cavern. The architecture of the reputed Church of the Holy Sepulchre is much later,—of the 12th century. The tradition which points to its being on the site of the Sepulchre can be traced no further back than the Crusades. Between the age of Constantine and that of the Crusades the tradition was broken, by the fact of all the Christians having been expelled from the city. Mr. Fergusson published his new and startling theory in his "Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem" (1827): a book to which no better answer has yet been given than "What can Mr. Fergusson, who never visited Jerusalem, know about it?" But though Mr. Fergusson did not go to Jerusalem, Jerusalem can now come to him—by photographs. Photography, put into the witness-box and subjected to a magnifying glass, already yields some interesting facts. The 'Fragment of the Golden Gateway,' near the 'Mosque of Omar,' turns out to be no city gate, but a gate to a building, and by its detail evidently of Constantinian date; and it probably belonged to a Basilica adjoining the so-called 'Mosque of Omar.' An external string-course in the reputed Church of the Holy Sepulchre, examined by a magnifying glass, proves to be of classic and Constantinian sculpture—evidently taken from some far older building. Nay, a stone in the Huldén Gate is evidently an insertion—and from the unfinished temple of Julius, as Mr. Fergusson speculates. Such is the help Photography can give the stay-at-home archaeologist. The want of more photographs of Jerusalem is but too manifest. Before Mr. Robertson visited Jerusalem, Mr. Fergusson gave him a list of objects which he specially advised him to photograph. But unhappily Mr. Robertson's journey was delayed from its projected date, that of the Crimean war, when the English name was in the ascendant, until after the war, when a fresh access of Mohomedan bigotry had succeeded. Mr. Robertson could not get into the Mosque of Omar at all; he found indeed Jerusalem generally too hot for him in every sense, and had to leave it with hardly half his projected tasks accomplished. Let us hope he may return to it. If Mr. Fergusson could only get hold of the broken links of the tradition! Laughable enough it would be if the Papal and Greek Churches have been wrangling all this while about the *wrong* Holy Place! Let us add a word of complaint against the absence on Wednesday evening of those competent to have discussed with Mr. Fergusson this very interesting question.

This is the very high-tide of lectures on Architecture. At Oxford, Mr. Parker (of *The Glossary*) is delivering a course before the Oxford Architectural Society, on English Architecture. One of the results of Mr. Parker's recent investigations is to throw clearer light on Saxon buildings. He shows how nearly all our Anglo-Saxon remains belong to the 11th century, Norman work preceding the Conquest, and Saxon lingering *after* it, with improved masonry, in the parish churches.

At the South Kensington Museum last week, 'unabashed' Mr. Denison (of the Westminster Bell) delivered a lecture on Civil Architecture in England from the time of Inigo Jones till now. It was a sprightly, amusing, but rather random lecture, leading nowhere. He wittily attributed the fact of the present preference of wealthy English corporations, in their new and costly town-halls, of the unmanageable Italian style, to the admirable Gothic models of the continent, to the characteristic 'pomposity' of that Italian style, so germane to the ostentatious, modern, municipal mind. And he justly insisted on the desirableness of red brick rather than stone, for bearing the vicissitudes of our climate.

At Westminster Abbey, restoration is steadily progressing in the north transept; also within the central lantern, where it consists principally of the removal of long accumulations of dirt and soot, and of re-gilding,—a very innocent kind of restoration; the Purbeck marble pillars too are being cleaned.

More Roman remains are being discovered; this time in North Wraxhall, Wilts, which lies on the old Roman *Fosseway* or *Acan Street*, between Bath and Cirencester. The foundations have been cleared of a building containing more than nineteen rooms or courts. Other walls have been traced out over an area of two or three acres; all under the superintendence of Mr. Poulett Scrope. Coins, iron chisels, a bronze style, a large complicated iron key, &c., have been found.

The Foreign Correspondents of the daily newspapers have informed the English world that *Michael Angelo's house* at Florence, bequeathed by a recent Buonarroti, and descendant of the Buonarroti, has become the property of the Tuscan people. The government has silenced all opposition from the heirs by a payment of 4000 scudi; a just and satisfactory arrangement. The house has long been one of the sights of Florence, for the family allowed strangers to visit it once a week. There are to be seen the great man's studio, his little closet for writing—where probably his divine sonnets were put on paper. In that same closet (almost a cupboard) are preserved his sword, and staff, and other affecting relics. Even his brushes, and the flasks and pots he used for his colours, are religiously preserved. Some of his very furniture lingers about the house; which contains also pieces of sculpture from the master's hand, and one of his three easel pictures. MSS. too, both in prose and verse, and letters from illustrious contemporaries, are there. Frescos depicting scenes from the artist's life adorn some of the walls. The Italians *knew* when they had a great man among them. What have we English to show against the House of Michael Angelo, or the Chateau of Montaigne?—in which latter, again, personal relics of the greatest of French writers are preserved. We might have had Shakspeare's house, the great house of Stratford he bought with his earnings, and re-modelled to his own mind; in which he re-fashioned *Hamlet* and wrote *The Tempest*. We might have had Bacon's patrimonial Gorham-bury, stately and august. One parson Gastrell, of ever detestable memory, destroyed the first but a century ago, to save poor's rates! One Lord Verulam (no kin to the Verulam), destroyed the second only seventy years ago. The physiognomic meaning and historic preciousness of such things seem as ill understood in England as ever. But a few years ago, Caxton's house was swept away; still later, the managers of the Stephenson memorial have wantonly pulled down the cottage in which George Stephenson lived and struggled, wherein his son Robert was born. What written page could appeal to the mind so eloquently as did that humble cottage? They are strange hero-worshippers who thus efface the last visible footmarks of the great. A few years ago pencil sketches from Hogarth's hand survived on the panels of cupboards, &c., in his house at Chiswick. The house of this greatest of English painters does exist still; but who cares? What English government would buy it?

This week Messrs. Christie and Manson have been selling an important collection of ancient Chinese porcelain, made by Mr. Fortune; many of the objects beautiful in form and in colour. The same auctioneers have issued (for sale) an interesting catalogue, permanently valuable to the collector, illustrated with forty-seven careful photographs, of the very important cabinet collection of works of *virtu*, the ten days' sale of which will commence next Monday week (the 12th). This is the Vienna Museum, now the property of the brothers Löwenstein of Frankfurt: a collection not without a pedigree. Commenced in the 16th century, by the Emperor Maximilian I., continued by his grandson Rudolph II., long a celebrated museum at Prague, in 1782 converted into hard cash, and purchased by the Chevalier von Schönfeld, it was increased by him, and thrown open to the public as the "Technological Museum of Vienna." Further the historic muse of King Street sayeth not (to our regret); except that the museum continued open from 1799 to 1836, as the visitors' book of signatures (one of the lots) testifies.

These 1291 lots comprise illuminated MSS., carvings in marble, wood, and ivory, (some attributed to M. Angelo, A. Durer, Holbein, and Flamingo,) miniatures, enamels, cameos, and rings (in great numbers), and chasing by Cellini, Majolica, Palissy, and other early wares, old Sevres, Dresden, and Venetian glass, antique plate, old astronomical instruments by Tycho Brahe and Kepler, caskets, clocks, metal works, and the rest. It is a collection of undeniable historic and artistic interest. Among the illustrations we notice some small wood carvings of Italian, and some of Byzantine design, of great beauty and interest; also a small altar-piece of Renaissance design, in ebony, with chasing in silver in high relief; and, above all, a cross of very beautiful Byzantine design, with medallions in boxwood from the life of Christ, &c.

Announcements of interest of sales by Christie during the coming March are the following:—On the 17th the pictures of the Rev. H. S. Trimmer, Turner's friend and executor: specimens of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, which have come down in a direct line from the artists themselves to Joshua Thirley, from him to Mrs. Trimmer of once famous memory. On the 24th Mr. Burnett's pictures and drawings, including Etty's 'Greenwood Shade,' drawings by Turner, Lewis, Hunt, Prout, pictures by Poole, Phillip, Hoole. On the 29th Linton the landscape painter's pictures and sketches.

On Wednesday evening the "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts" held a *conversazione* in Conduit Street, the photographs of the Architectural Photographic Association furnishing the artistic part of the entertainment.

The Society of Artists and Amateurs gave their second *conversazione* for the season on Thursday evening. There was neither so good an assemblage of pictures and drawings, nor so good an attendance, as at the previous one. By far the most valuable and striking picture was that remarkable French scene by Stevens, in which the figures, — stolid gendarmes, distressed peasants, compassionate lady, — stand out in all the reality of life. There was a fine Lance, a very clever camp-scene by Mrs. Ward, — boldly drawn, dexterous in colour, — Leslie's 'Juliet,' so unpretending at first sight, so sweet and pure when you look into it, so refined and true to nature, though not to the passionate abandon of Shakspeare's *Juliet*. Among the other things of mark were Lewis's 'Interior of a Harem,' two lovely fruit pieces by Hunt, a fine *De Wint*, a drawing by Turner, 'The Falls of Schaffhausen,' a small landscape by the elder Linnell, 'the Dell,' — a fine drawing of old houses and church at Rouen by David Roberts. There were some of Frank Dillon's Egyptian landscapes, and a remarkable oil-colour-like water-colour drawing — of a sylvan material — by T. M. Richardson. The portfolios were not, as a whole, specially attractive. T. M. Richardson and Collingwood Smith, however, sent some; and we noticed one by an amateur, of sketches made last autumn at Felpham in Sussex, and on the coast, which had much character and spirit, but were too carelessly made out.

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.—The restoration of the choir of this cathedral is making progress. The old fittings, the chocolate-coloured stalls and wainscot-work, with their trumpery gilding, the altar, screen, &c., are now removed, and an imposing interior revealed, novel even to eyes most familiar with the building. The Norman piers, and attached early English vaulting shafts, however, present a sadly mutilated appearance, as when the choir was enclosed in the style we have been accustomed to behold it, our ancestors ruthlessly hewed off and hacked out anything and everything that happened to be in their way, and in fact dealt with the fabric as they would have done with a chalk pit. These cruel wounds are now being healed — chasms and broken lines made whole with Caen and Purbeck stone once more. The removal of the altar screen at present unites with the choir that division of the church called the Presbytery, with its noble clustered columns

and exquisite early English work. The effect of this is very striking, and will, we should hope, be duly considered in the design of the new altar screen. The screen, or oratory, which formed the entrance to the choir from the nave, is likewise to give place to some less obstructive arrangement, while the organ which stood upon it will occupy a side position in the north transept. The misereres of the stalls, which are genuine old work, and either beautiful or curious, are the only portions of the late fittings found to be worth retaining. The entire restoration (the most important hitherto undertaken at this cathedral) has been confided to Mr. Slater. The condemned stalls and altar screen dated from Henry the VIIIth's time and Bishop Shurborne, who had the curious pictures painted of the Kings and Bishops. About 1830 the altar screen was put back into the Presbytery, and the whole choir improved. The organ dates from Charles the II's reign — the era of church organs. We are bigoted antiquaries enough not wholly to rejoice at the loss of those things. They were historical and genuine in their way. Bran new copies "to pattern" of Gothic stalls and screens; alas! what can they do for us?

ART-TEACHING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—It is one of the noticeable signs of the present age that the arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture are brought into use in places where formerly they were but little thought of. In tavern curiosities are used as a means of attraction: many have added concert-rooms to their premises, where good music is to be heard; and of late, pictures by good artists have been collected. There is a gallery of pictures by modern painters in one of these concert-rooms that would be worthy of place in any of the houses of the rich or noble in the land. While this movement is progressing in a satisfactory manner, it is to be regretted that, in some instances, buildings which have been raised for the distinct purpose of advancing the public art and tastes are being turned from their purpose: one of the most important of these is the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Here have been copied, at an enormous cost, several of the choicest remains of antiquity. There are the temples of Egypt, Greece, and Rome; curiosities of nature, statues, tombs, the effigies of men of eminence of all ages; flowers, both in and out of season; grounds laid out with great skill, and most carefully kept; and from this palace, provided for the people, is one of the sweetest views in England. Yet all these attractions do not seem to be sufficient. Let us hope, however, that this may partly be in consequence of the distance from town at which this rare exhibition is placed, rather than from a want of general appreciation. It certainly sounds strange, in these times, when we pride ourselves on advanced taste and intelligence, when we hear what is going on in the Crystal Palace, a structure in the first instance devoted to the fine arts. At twelve o'clock Mr. Pepper gives an illustrated lecture in the new lecture-hall, but there is at the same time "Punch" in the centre transept. At one o'clock the band performs the "Riflemen's March," and a French clown exhibits his "whimsical performance." At half-past one "The Chantrel Family" show their surprising feats." At two o'clock there is to be seen a troupe of dogs and monkeys from Paris, and a celebrated performing elephant. Then come dissolving views, anything but first-rate; afterwards an "inimitable nigger" amuses; and at the close there are grotesque shadows on the great screen. How different is this teaching from that which the sanguine looked for when this palace was first raised. Let us hope that those who throng to see these entertainments may at the same time profit by the more intellectual part of the exhibition which is there provided. — *Builder*.

A Description of the Paintings in the Debating Room of the Oxford Union Society. By the Rev. J. S. Sidebotham, M.A., &c. (Oxford T. & G. Shrimpton.)

It is impossible to enjoy thoroughly what we do not

understand, or to appreciate a thing of the merits of which we are ignorant. Of nothing may this be more truly said than of works of art in general. How would it be possible to judge of the approximate correctness of a representation of any historical event, if we were unacquainted with the facts connected with it? Such ignorance in these knowledge-seeking days is indeed hardly possible. But it is no impeachment of a man's knowledge of history that he has a comparatively small acquaintance with the records of those far-off times when Britain was inhabited by semi-barbarians, and ruled by a king whose very existence is by many accounted a myth. Little understood, however, as is their history, those days were not uneventful, and if we may trust the scanty chronicles which have come down to us concerning them, deeds of daring and gallantry were then achieved which might call forth the wonder and admiration of any age. It seems as if there were a growing interest abroad concerning this period. Tennyson, as all the world knows, has brought some of the most touching incidents connected with King Arthur, his knights and their ladies, before us in some of his miscellaneous poems, and more recently in his "Idylls;" here and there we find that a lecture has been delivered on the famous king of the Britons; and lately several competent artists have employed their pencils in decorating the walls of the rooms of the Oxford Union Society with ten scenes from the history of this hero of romance. The subjects of these paintings, the work of Messrs. Rosetti, Riviere, Hughes, Stanhope, Jones, Morris, Pollen, and Prinsep, are well chosen, and they have been rendered additionally interesting by the well-digested description of them, which the Rev. J. Sidebotham has compiled with much care from the most authentic sources, thus sparing any who may wish to know the meaning of these pictures the labour of wading through Sir Thomas Malory's somewhat lengthy account, or of unravelling the desired information from Caxton's still more unwieldy English. In his explanation of the stone carving placed over the principal doorway, Mr. Sidebotham has given the true history of the famous Round Table, the reputed institution of King Arthur. It appears that the commonly received notion that Arthur founded the order of the "knights of the round table" is erroneous, the table, together with a hundred knights, having, according to the most reliable authorities, been sent to him on the occasion of his marriage by the father of his bride. Being much gratified by this proof of favour, Arthur restored the order to its former importance by completing the original number of the knights. Impossible as it must have been to write anything like a connected history of ten perfectly unconnected incidents, the compiler of this description has succeeded in giving a clear and concise outline of the events represented in this series of pictures, and any one who may desire to gain some satisfactory ideas concerning the "Morte d'Arthur," will be amply repaid by a perusal of his narrative. We reserve for a future occasion some remarks on the novel and interesting subjects of these paintings considered as works of art.

THE DRAMA.

Two of the pantomimes, those of **DRURY LANE** and **THE PRINCESSES**, are keeping up their long run with spirit, and still attracting crowds. It is not too much to say that it is the innate excellence of the acting, be it clowning or fooling, which keeps them still before the public. Sir E. B. Lytton, in one of his poems, the *New Timon*, we think, has this vigorous line:—

"Even in a love song, men should write for men;"

and we may say, and that truly, that even in a pantomime men should try to combine amusement with some kind of ingenuity and sense. Tennyson calls such exhibitions "brainless," but it by no means follows that they should be so;

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in short, with these as with everything else, sense, cohesion and real worth, although very difficult to meet, always manage to win the day when they do get before the public. It is but due to Mr. Dillon and his natural acting to note that the *Forest Keeper* being withdrawn, he has been attracting crowds by his great part of Belphegor. A critic in a contemporary, states that this gentleman acts with "a rugged pathos which is supposed to belong to plebeian natures,"—the critic, of course, being by no means plebeian. What does he mean by this phrase? Are "plebeian natures," i.e. those of the parts such as Tell, Virginus, Belphegor, &c., which Mr. Dillon, with many others of his school, very worthily represents, supposed to keep their passions under lock and key? Is Virginus to sue Appius for the loss of his daughter's services? Is Belphegor to demand an annuity for the loss of his wife, and Tell to declare that, if he kills his son, he will bring an action against Gessler? Plebeian natures, meaning, we suppose, those who have any depth of feeling at all, are the very essence of the drama. All feeling is plebeian; emotion, whether pathetic or comic, is a leveller, and perhaps no set of people are so much on an equality as the boxes, pit, and gallery, when they are laughing at a pantomime or crying over some tragedy; some such pathos for instance, rugged as a mountain oak, as that which bursts from the plebeian bosom of *Othello* when he has slain his wife, or the equally plebeian heart of poor mad *Lea* when he holds a mirror to the lips of the dead *Cordelia* with the faint hope that the breath might stain its surface. If critics understood plebeian natures a little better, we might have wiser criticisms, and consequently better plays.

The one event in the dramatic world during last week has been the successful production of a new comedy by Mr. Watts Philipps, called *Paper Wings*. It is of the middle life school, closely approximating in its nature to *Still Waters run deep*, *Speculation*, and to one or two more comedies of modern times. The time of the comedy is sententious put on the bills as "the age we live in," and the whole plot lies upon speculation, the moral being that gentlemen in good circumstances are great fools if they try to increase their estates by speculation, and to fly with paper wings. A kind of rhymed epilogue or tag tells us thus much, and adds in the language of the city that

"—For the author we this plea advance,
His bill's not drawn upon the Bank of France;"

but in spite of this assurance we cannot help thinking that there is a little aid borrowed from a certain comedy well known, called *La Bourse*.

The plot of *Paper Wings* is briefly this: Sir Arthur Plynlmmon, a Welsh baronet, coming up to London, is beguiled by his old schoolfellow, Mr. Jonathan Garroway of Capel Court, to embark in sundry speculations which bear such inviting names as the "Great Maelstrom Bank," the

Shark River Railway, &c., and as a very natural consequence, the Welsh baronet gets very deeply involved, so much so that he is on the verge of ruin. The better to find out the state of the baronet's property, a creature of Garroway's, Mr. William Kite, is sent down to Wales to report upon the baronet's estate, and whilst there he finds that a lead mine, previously thought worthless, has turned out to be most productive. Armed with this news he comes by express to London, and by clever management sells the secret to his master Garroway for 100*l.*, who endeavours to turn it himself to profit, by a proposition to buy that portion of the baronet's estate in which the lead mine is situated. In the meantime the baronet, upon the verge of ruin, applies to his friends for aid, and amongst the first to a widow, Mrs. Chicane, the sister of Mr. Garroway, a sister by the way who totally distrusts her brother. This widow, who is in love with Sir Arthur, is a woman of talent, if not of beauty, and with great shrewdness combines some goodness of heart. She is therefore terribly distressed when she hears that Sir Arthur has embarked even his daughter's fortune in the disastrous speculations,

but more disappointed when she finds that Sir Arthur's application to her is not for her hand, but merely for the sake of borrowing money.

The second act closes on Sir Arthur, a ruined man, Mr. Garroway a successful speculator, Mrs. Chicane a disappointed widow, and two lovers, Miss Blanche Plynlmmon and Owen Percival, ready to be married if fortune were only moderately propitious. Mr. Owen Percival, in fact, has himself dabbled in speculation and has thriven, so that from the anomalous position of "secretary" or clerk to Mr. Garroway, we find him in the third act able to aspire to the hand of Blanche.

The third act opens, therefore, on the ruined baronet, ready to catch at any straw to save himself, but still preserving his dignity and honour; the greedy speculator ready to purchase a rich mine on the baronet's estates for a mere song; the lover ready to save his future father-in-law, and the scheming clever widow also determined to step in and avert the coming ruin. Mr. Garroway arrives a little too late indeed, but after a scene of angry recrimination pacifies the baronet, and induces him to sign a deed which conveys from Sir Arthur and his family for ever the rich lead mine: the deed is in fact complete, save for the signature of Mr. Garroway, and he is just about to sign it when the *Dea ex machina*, Mrs. Chicane, steps in between them, tears up the deed, dismisses the baffled rogue, and saves to Sir Arthur his rich mine and ancestral estate. So the comedy ends, the reader being left in a state of delightful suspense as to whether the widow will or will not be rewarded by becoming Lady Plynlmmon.

There is an underplot of a scheming clerk, and a sufficiently honest waiting-maid, and an episcodical sketch of a certain artiste de la toilette, Madame Kalydore. The former (clerk and maid) are true enough to life; the latter seems to be taken out of an old comedy, as, indeed, a good many of Mr. Philipps' good things are. Too didactic and heavy, *Paper Wings* is yet sufficiently well written to be called successful; but it owes its success much more to the thoroughly clever acting of every one concerned, than to the brilliancy of the author. Mr. Wigan as Sir Arthur, Mrs. Wigan as Chicane, and Mr. David Fisher as Garroway, acted most admirably. Mr. J. L. Toole as Mr. Wm. Kite, the clerk spoken of, also acted thoroughly well; indeed, the comedy was throughout very well supported, and Mr. Webster had done every thing to mount it well;—the counting-house scene in Capel Court, and the drawing-room of the baronet, being equally deserving of praise. The comedy itself, if rather of the sledge-hammer kind of morality, is still in great advance of anything which Mr. Philipps has yet achieved.

Mr. Smith has become the lessee of the old Opera House in the Haymarket, HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, having signed the lease some few days ago. He opens, we believe, early in April, with a company that will astonish and take by surprise the west end of the town. In the meantime OLD DURY LANE has been offered to another lessee.

The LYCEUM will not enjoy a long season; on dit, it will shortly close till October.

Mr. Tom Taylor's *Overland Route* has been eminently successful, the house having been well filled during every evening of its representation.

The close connection which has always subsisted between literature and the stage, although very stupid sons of the latter are always too ready to show ingratitude, to forget and to try and sever the bond, must be apparent to all. On Wednesday evening the 22nd ult, Mr. W. M. THACKERAY presided at a charitable dinner, for the benefit of those unfortunate sons of the drama who are cared for by an institution, under the name of the "Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund." The word "Equestrian" in this case does not signify an order of Aristocracy, but an order of players who are content to exhibit their histrionisms astride a "bare-backed steed," as the "Bounding Brothers of the Boomerang," or of some other name equally alliterative, nonsensical, and euphonious.

This part of humanity too has naturally its tumblers, its bad falls, and its reverses. Like all those who are above the crowd and in sight of all, like kings, cardinals, popes, and French emperors, and other Imperados, they frequently, in more senses than one, come down from a great height, and have to be relieved by the hands of the alms-giver. Not being strong enough to form a body corporate themselves, "these poor players" have joined themselves to others who "live to please and must please to live;" and we are glad to say that the "Fund" is itself in a very prosperous condition. During the past year, we find, from the report read by Mr. J. W. Anson, the secretary, that the Society has relieved 729 cases, 53 substantially, and had found money for 64 families to travel various journeys, and yet there was a fund of 1,003*l.* 14*s.* at the bank! No wonder that Mr. Anson's statement was received with loud cheers.

Mr. Webster, Mr. W. Cooke, Mr. Tom Taylor, and of course Mr. Thackeray addressed the meeting. We give part of the speech of the latter, that being essentially dramatic and also the "point" of the evening. After proposing the Fund, the chairman said: "If all the world is a stage, as we know by the ancient adage, and all the men and women are merely players, we know that the world is their stage, and that the players are men and women of our own time. We know that if Romeo and Mercutio go to the Café de l'Europe after the play, and imbibe prodigious quantities of punch after their oysters, it is pretty certain that those 'two gentlemen of Verona' would have to suffer for it. If Macbeth should not be a very prosperous Macbeth, but a very dressey man, we will say, in his nature, and determined to have a kilt and tartan from an expensive tailor, and he does not pay that schneider for the goods he sends home, Macbeth, however great his courage, however noble his resolution, will feel a little faint as he turns down Bond Street, and will have his fine mind a little disturbed and his serenity put out of order. If Ophelia has a child at home ill and requiring a doctor, and all sorts of attention which her means will not enable her to procure, when she comes to the play the next night her voice will fail her—her part fails her—the applause fails her that she was accustomed to obtain, and her engagement fails her when she requires it on the next occasion. Oh, dear! what domestic dramas—what thrilling dramas of domestic life—have we all heard of who know anything of these things! Every one of us can tell of dramas of this kind which take place when the curtain is down and when the boxes are covered up in brown holland, and the audience have gone to their homes. I am trying at this moment to speak in as jolly a manner as I possibly can. We are met here in mirth and festivity. We pass the cheering wine-cup and we give the loyal toast, and, as the evening passes, we shall warm up and make speeches towards one another, in which we shall endow each other with every possible virtue. But along with this champagne and this froth we mean business. You mean that you have an excellent, honourable, and worthy purpose to pursue for the benefit of the members of your profession. You wish to say to them that you wish to embrace them all in the kindly grasp of Christian charity, and to see them all working for themselves, thriftily, prudently, prosperously, and respectably. It has been charged against our profession that we are not careful enough of our money. I hope that better times are coming for both our crafts. I hope that that miserable, pulling plea or excuse made for men of imaginative temperament—of palliation for men of genius and so forth—that humbug is, I hope, to be done away with daily until it entirely disappears from among us. If we wish to be respected, there is nothing for it but to be respectable. Macbeth and Hamlet must be so as well as the individual who comes in to inform the prince that the players are come, or the fellow that goes out and announces that the banner is hung upon the outer wall. It is within the scope of all minds; hence when we talk of contributions from the wealthy, and the people called 'swells,'

and so forth, well and good. Let those gentlemen come forward and give out of their purses and their hearts towards those who have once amused them. Contributions from managers come better still. Let the captains of fortunate ships that have passed through the hardship of the voyage, and sold their cargoes prosperously, minister to the comfort of the crews and the men, whose good order, gallantry, and perseverance have carried them through. Let them look forward to the evil times that may possibly fall upon themselves. Let them think of the women and children, the mothers and wives at home, and endeavour to gather up something against the rainy day that might possibly come. We cannot all expect to do leading business in the drama of life, gentlemen, and that is the only moral of the little story I have to tell you. Every man, whether he be the *Gravedigger*, or *Rosencrantz*, or *Polonius*, or *Laertes*, or *Hamlet*, or (to come to the equestrian school) the sawduster in the circus, the squire of the ring, or the Bohemian cavalier of twenty-four horses at one time—every one of those, from the highest to the lowest—can have the aim to be an honest man. We can all be good fathers and the friends of our neighbours; and, by God's help, we should all wish to attain that position. If we fall in the race, as the best of us may, if we break down, we shall have to cheer us after our defeat—not that pity which is akin to contempt, and from which the Lord deliver us all—but that hearty sympathy and regard which an honest man will always give to other honest and brave men in misfortune. That is the toast, and I give it you, I am sure, in advance of the enthusiasm with which you will drink 'Prosperity to the Dramatic Benevolent Fund.' Mr. Webster in a speech full of well-turned compliments, proposed the health of the Chairman. The result of the evening was that the sum of 221*l.* 5*s.* was collected.

MUSIC.

THE concerts of the week have been mostly confined to the Monday Popular, to the Musical Society of London, and the Quintet Union entertainments. The selection at the former consisted of specimens from the older Italian masters, which were admirably rendered, and that at the latter on Wednesday embraced the following admirable specimens:

PART I.

Overture, *Genevieve* Robert Schumann.
Grand Scena, *Der Freischütz* C. M. von Weber.
Concertino in D, violin Ernst.
Scene, 'Mon Dieu, secourez moi,'
Gustave Auber
Overture, *The Wood Nymphs* W. Sterndale Bennett.

PART II.

Symphony, 'Die Weihe der Töne' Spohr.
Grand Air 'En vain j'espère, idyl
de ma vie' Robert le Diable. Meyerbeer.
Overture, *The Siege of Corinth* Rossini.
Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.

Spohr's symphony was the feature of the concert, and was given in memory of the composer, who was an honorary member of the society,—a graceful and becoming tribute to the illustrious master, who has long been enrolled among the giants of the art. *The Power of Sound* is a colossal work, equally remarkable for the inspiration manifested in every movement, as for the knowledge and profundity it displays, and its high poetic treatment. The execution was magnificent and created an extraordinary sensation.

The other performances, especially that of Professor Bennett's overture and Mr. Blagrove's concerto, were equally creditable. On account of Mr. A. Mellon's detention at the Royal English Opera, Mr. H. Smart very skilfully conducted the first part of the scheme; but the direction of Spohr's symphony fell to the lot of the former gentleman most appropriately, for none but himself, excepting M. Costa, is capable of fulfilling such a task.

The Quintet Union Concert, given on Tuesday at St. Martin's Hall, was the first of a series, the executants being composed of Messrs. Witty, Weslake, Webb, Pettet, Reynolds, and Maycock. It was a mistake to begin with two long quartets by Mr. Onslow; but Mozart's E flat pianoforte quartet, and Weber's clarinet concerto in B flat,

together with Mr. Sims Reeves's singing of the *Adelaide* of Beethoven, in some measure compensated for such an inappropriate inauguration of a new musical union. Mrs. J. W. Davison (A. Goddard) was the pianist of the evening, and played neither better nor worse than usual.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. Wallace's *Lurline* still continues to maintain the popularity which was gained for it on the first night of its representation; the favourable opinion that was formed of its qualities on that occasion having been considerably strengthened by nightly repetition. As an entire work this opera may certainly be designated as the best which the composer has hitherto originated; and, considering how meagre is the subject upon which he has employed his talent, and how crude the materials with which he has had to deal, assuredly he has done more than could possibly have been expected of him, and maintained his reputation *sans peur et sans reproche*. If any fault is to be at all found with his treatment of Mr. Fitzball's plot, it must be on the score that the writing is not, as a whole, sufficiently level, and that too great straining after effects is predominant; a fault which is decidedly upon the increase with modern musicians, both native and continental. There is also scarcely enough of melody to make the work permanently successful, elaboration having been more fully employed rather upon an instrumental than upon an harmonious *ensemble*. Yet there is a certain number of gems in the three acts, that would have been more than sufficient to make the reputation of any composer, and therefore they tend especially to consolidate that well-earned position which Mr. Wallace has long since secured. The Overture scarcely begins ere it indicates great promise, and being treated upon the most elegant and perfect models from first to last, secures attention, which scarcely flags throughout the three several acts, long as they are, both in treatment, and substance. As it is impossible to enter into a lengthened or detailed criticism of the entire work, we must simply content ourselves with a general review of those points which seem most positively indicative of true inspiration and correct method. In the first act the most decidedly musical effort is "the spell," which, like the one idea of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, pervades the length and breadth of every succeeding part. The next most prominent feature is the chorus, "Sail on the midnight gale," in which the principal soprano part is written as an *obligato* to the other voices, and shows an intimate knowledge of the manner in which the best masters, and especially Beethoven and Mendelssohn, have treated similar combinations. Here the several divisions are marked with characteristic modulations which never offend the ear, but induce large expectations which are fully realised. The music for Ghiva (Miss Pilling) and the Baron Truenfels (Mr. G. Honey) is perhaps the weakest part of the opera; but there is one song in the second act for the contralto, "Troubadour enchanting," which considerably rises above the average, which has been allotted to the *seconda donna*. In the second act, the air, upon which great dependence is placed, "Take this cup of sparkling wine," for the most part is common-place, notwithstanding the colouring with which it is invested, and the effort which is made to pile up its popular characteristics; but the concerted music which succeeds this specimen, in which a clever drinking song for the *Gnome* (Mr. H. Corri) is introduced, is far more clever and artistic. The best specimens of level and original writing, however, are decidedly left for the last act, in which "the grand scena," "Sad as my soul," exhibits some really good music, full of character and originality, whilst the most perfect specimen of the entire Opera unquestionably is the unaccompanied quartet of the same act, "Though the world with transport bless me," in which the transitions are frequent, but so naturally worked as to show ability of no ordinary character. The manner in which this specimen is rendered by Messrs. L. Pyne, F. Cruise, and

Messrs. Santley and H. Corri, leaves nothing to be desired. Anything more perfect could not by any possibility be executed. Amongst the best ballad specimens interspersed throughout the entire work, two for the first tenor, "Our barque in moonlight beaming," and "My home," and also another for the baritone, "The nectar cup may yield delight," may be specially named. The last, however, is by far the most pure and original composition belonging to the ballad class, and being exquisitely sung by Mr. Santley, gains in popular estimation nightly, and doubtless will be in great demand at the several music sellers. There are many other portions of *Lurline* which merit still further consideration than we can at present afford; but as a whole there can be no question that it is Mr. Wallace's *chef d'œuvre*, and will enhance a reputation well and worthily earned by his previous efforts as the leading native operatic writer of his day. As far as the execution by principals, band, and chorus is concerned, nothing can be more satisfactory. Miss L. Pyne is singing with increased *éclat*, and Mr. Harrison, being fitted with music especially suited to his voice, is doing ample justice both to himself and the composer. To Mr. Santley's superb singing we have already referred, and a word of commendation is also especially due to Messrs. H. Corri and G. Honey. We wish we could speak as favourably of Miss Pilling, who has disappointed us in this opera more than we can express. Her enunciation is decidedly bad, and her method neither finished nor artistic. Miss F. Cruise has but little to do, but that little she does judiciously and with considerable promise. The band and chorus are perfect, and Mr. H. Mellon's care and precision secure as perfect an *ensemble* as by any possibility could be obtained.

THE UNIVERSITY AND CITY OF OXFORD.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Oxford, Feb. 29, 1860.

A MEETING of some interest has recently taken place at Oxford, between certain of the Oxford Delegates of the Middle Class Examination and four of the Cambridge Syndics, for carrying out the same scheme in the sister University. The chief object of the meeting was to arrange that only one examination should be held annually at each centre, instead of the plan hitherto adopted. The Cambridge Syndics have recommended the Senate in some measures to follow the example of Oxford with regard to the title of "Associate in Arts," by giving their successful candidates of the senior class the title of "Associate of Cambridge." We are by no means sure that it will be very well advised for Cambridge thus to do what she has as yet left undone, for though we cannot speak positively as to a majority, we know that there are many of the Masters of Arts of Oxford, both resident and non-resident, and especially the latter, who would very gladly recall the title of A.A., however much they might have been inclined to support the rest of the plan. Altogether there is no doubt that the whole of the middle class or non-gremial examination Statute, although the *legal* time was occupied in passing it, is considered by many non-residents to have been hurried through the University rather more quickly than should have been the case with a measure of a kind hitherto so entirely unknown.

In the re-promulgation of the Medical Examination Statute, the chief point worthy of notice was the amendment of Dr. Child, of Exeter, that the degrees of B.M. and D.M. should be conferred together, but that the University privileges of the latter degrees should not be enjoyed till the expiration of a period of ten years from matriculation. The Rev. W. W. Shirley, M.A., of Wadham, also objected to a clause allowing persons of the degree of B.A. only to be Examiners, a proceeding entirely hitherto unprecedented.

The Lodging-House Statute called forth a good deal of discussion, no less than fourteen members of congregation taking part in it. The statute was

opposed as puerile in its provisions, and as an insult to respectable citizens, by Professor Neate of Oriel and Mr. Pottinger of Worcester, both urging that some of the above-mentioned class would sign the proposed terms of agreement, which if signed by any, would certainly be evaded. We quite agree with Mr. Neate and Mr. Pottinger, and by no means wish to see consciences entangled with a set of pledges which, if taken, are sure not to be kept. Far better to leave it to the heads of the several colleges, and the keepers of lodging-houses to make such arrangements between themselves as may seem most expedient. We cannot see the occasion for such a statute. Surely no very flagrant instances of misconduct on the part either of juniors in lodgings, or of letters of lodgings, have transpired so lately as to call for such regulations as those which were published last week. Can it be that the framers of the proposed regulations believe undergraduates generally to be of the type of those presented to the public in such works as "Peter Priggins," "Verdant Green," and "Liberty Hall"? There may be here and there a few in some faint degree approaching that type, but we have a better opinion of them as a body, especially of those who have kept twelve terms of residence in colleges, and we do give them credit for some higher sense of moral responsibility than is argued for them by the Lodging-House Statute. One of the Pro-Rectors, Mr. Shand of Brasenose, objected, it seems, to the clause requiring the doors of lodging-houses to be locked at nine o'clock, and proposed ten or eleven instead. The principal supporters of the statute seem to have been the Master of Balliol, the Rector of Exeter, and the Senior Proctor.

The statute relating to the voluntary Theological Examinations was opposed by Mr. Rawlinson of Exeter, and the Provost of Queen's, the former objecting to the principle involved of giving encouragement to the commencement of professional studies in the early part of the undergraduate course, and stating that this statute, if carried, would be the introduction of the thin end of the wedge by carrying the objectionable principle in the case of Divinity only. He also objected to the proposed permission to the Examiners to dispense with the viva voce examination. The objection of the Provost of Queen's was on the ground that the whole statute was "a gigantic sham." The time allowed for the proposed subjects was ridiculously small, the encouragement insufficient (the establishment of a class list being obviously the remedy for this evil), the persons out of whom the examiners were to be chosen far too limited in number, and the shape of the proposed reward, viz., books, objectionable. On the motion of the Provost of Oriel the discussion was adjourned for a week.

The Oxfordshire Militia have returned to Oxford from their last station, Dover, and have been disembodied. The University has lost a benefactor in Mr. Henry Drummond, late M.P. for West Surrey, a former member of Christ Church, and Founder in 1825 of the Professorship of Political Economy.

March 1, 1860.

THE election of Proctors for the ensuing year took place yesterday, St. John's College and the Halls collectively having the appointment. In the ordinary course of events these elections are of little interest, the usual custom being, in the colleges, that the senior person who is "habilis," is elected without opposition. As a matter of course Mr. Eld was returned by St. John's. The Halls, however, have exercised the privilege for the first time, and very active canvassing has preceded the election. We are informed that the number of votes given for each of the two candidates was equal, there being present eighteen out of the twenty-two members of convocation on the books of the Halls qualified to vote, and the president, Dr. Macbride, giving the casting vote in favour of Mr. Gandell, who is one of the chaplains of Corpus. It is somewhat singular, on the occasion of the first election of an Aularian proctor, that the electors should have chosen a gentleman who has

not been, till within the last few months, even a nominal member of a hall, as it will be seen by the university poll book of last summer that he voted for Mr. Gladstone as a chaplain of Corpus, and was returned in the roll of congregation as paying university dues from that society. It is well known that a protest against the election has been handed to the Vice-Chancellor, with what result remains to be seen.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE CLERGY AND THE THEATRES. — On Friday last, pursuant to notice, Lord Dunsannon called the attention of the House of Lords to the irregularity of the performance of divine service at Sadler's Wells, and other theatres, by clergymen of the Church of England, and spoke of the disorderly scenes said to take place at these services. Lord Shaftesbury, in an eloquent speech, defended the services, and denied that the disorders referred to did take place. The three Bishops who were in the House at the time did not give any very decided opinions upon the matter: they "did not agree with the promoters of these services in the theatres; but that perhaps was a matter not of argument, but of feeling;" they "thought that good was thereby done which their lordships would be sorry to stop." The motion was ultimately withdrawn.

WALTHAM ABBEY AND ST. ALBANS. — It has long been suggested that at the next avoidance of the see of Rochester, the Abbey Church at St. Albans might be beneficially made the cathedral church of a diocese, the jurisdiction of the bishop of which should extend over the county of Hertfordshire. A correspondent of the *Guardian* of Wednesday last puts in a like claim for Waltham Abbey, either as a cathedral church for the united counties of Hertfordshire and Essex, or for Essex alone. If, however, Hertfordshire and Essex should have each its own bishop, it were difficult to see what would form the diocese of Rochester. The small slice of Kent which would then alone be left to it, and which formerly was all that it possessed, would hardly be sufficient. In its present state the diocese is certainly unwieldy enough; and the present moment is certainly an opportune one for doing something towards contracting its limits.

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE. — The *Record* quotes some figures from the Address recently published by the Protestant Alliance, to the effect that the British Government expends annually on different Roman Catholic establishments, chaplaincies, schools, colleges, reformatories, and so forth, no less than 226,487*l*.

THE WESLEYANS. — The *Watchman* of Wednesday last publishes an appeal to the Wesleyan Methodist Connection throughout Great Britain, for special assistance towards the erection of small chapels in places where the deficiency of pecuniary means, the extent of the population, the inadequacy of existing accommodation, and the requirements of the Connection appear peculiarly to call for aid. The first list of subscriptions contains about sixty names, and the sums placed against them amount to about 3,500*l*.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR, — I observed in your number for Jan. 28, that in the Review of M. Delepiere's *Histoire Littéraire des Fous*, it is stated of one of his four select lunatics, Sir Thomas Ames Gevaest, that "of the baronet whose name closes the list, nothing whatever is known." The name, which is probably a pseudonym, appears in the title-page of a volume of poems published in Belgium in 1839. M. Delepiere gives a sample of these productions, which is simply the most incoherent balderdash that it is possible to imagine: and which proves (if the fact be worth proving) the hopeless insanity of the unknown author.

Perhaps it is hardly more worth while to make him known; but I am able to tell you all about

him. The name is not altogether a pseudonym, for his real name was Thomas Ames. He was born in Norfolk, in this place, about sixty years ago, of the very humblest parentage. He was taken into the service of the late Sir Richard Bedingfield, Bart., and lived with him in Belgium as footman. He was of a studious turn, and by dint of application, he certainly acquired more learning than is often met with in persons in his station of life. He quitted service and became a teacher of English in Brussels. Whether from extraordinary application to study, or whatever other cause, he became deranged, and his insanity turned on authorship. He called himself, not Sir, but Ser Thomas Ames Gevaest, &c.; probably by the last word he meant *knighted* or *ennobled*. But in the title-page of his book the following ridiculous appendages follow his name: "Filias Piae VII., Haz!!! — et Primus Jurisconsult, Primus Doctor, Primus Professorius, O. J. G., M. G." The book is a medley of prose and verse, of French and English; and he announces in it five other learned works, which he has ready for the press. My copy was sent me by himself. He grew more and more insane, but was soon happily released by death.

F. C. HUSENBETH, D.D.

Cossey, Feb. 1860.

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